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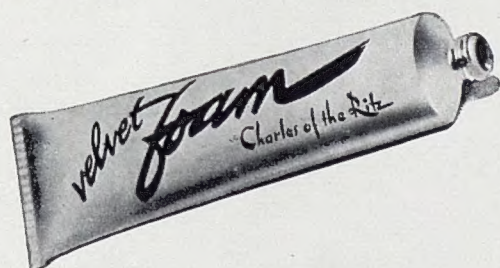
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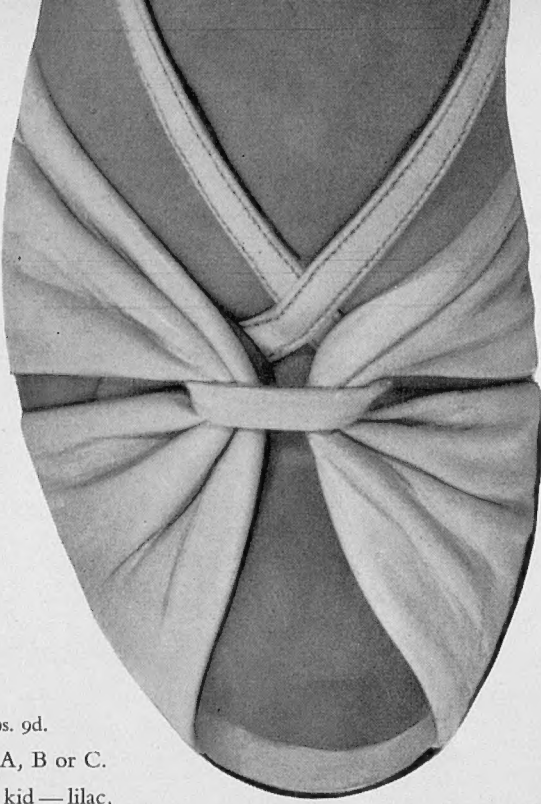


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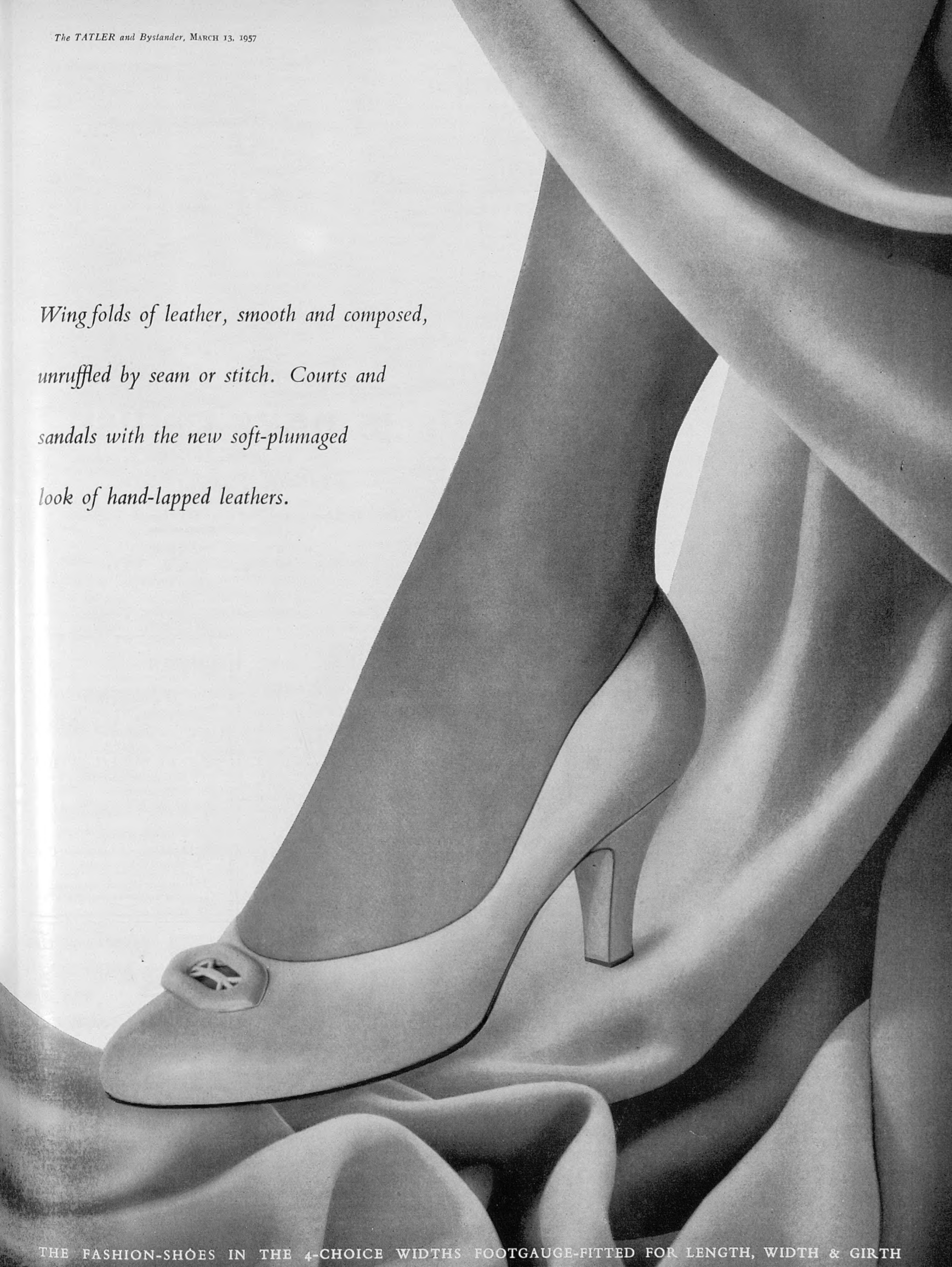
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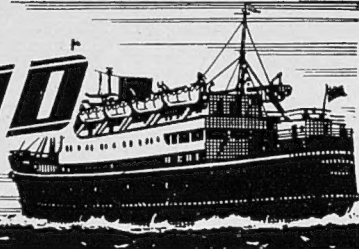


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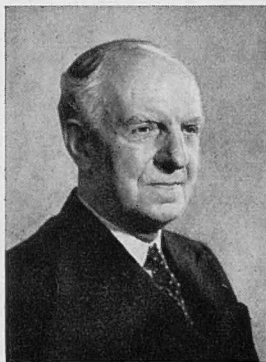
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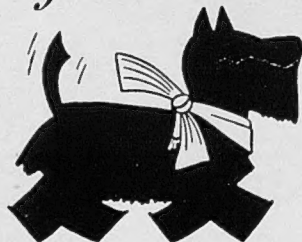
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COUNTESS CECILIA WEIKERSHEIM is the daughter of Prince and Princess F. Weikersheim of Langton House, Langton Green, Kent, and Egerton Gardens, S.W.3. She was a debutante last year and her coming out dance at the Swedish Embassy had to be postponed because of world affairs. She works for the W.V.S., is fond of music, plays the piano, and speaks fluent French, German, and Italian; her favourite sport is ski-ing, at which she is very good

DIARY OF THE WEEK

From March 13 to March 20

Mar. 13 (Wed.) Spring Show and Sale of Dairy Shorthorns (two days), Reading.

Racing at Cheltenham (National Hunt Meeting), and Maze, Lisburn.

Mar. 14 (Thur.) National Stallion Show, Scotstoun Showground, Glasgow.

The St. Patrick's Ball in aid of the N.S.P.C.C. at Porchester Hall, W.2.

Racing at Cheltenham (Gold Cup).

Mar. 15 (Fri.) Cambridge Lent Term ends.

Squash Rackets: England v. Scotland in London.

Christ Church and New College Beagles Ball at Kiddington Hall, Woodstock.

Racing at Hurst Park.

Mar. 16 (Sat.) The Queen and Prince Philip will be present at the Calcutta Cup match between England and Scotland at Twickenham. Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother will be present at the St. David's Festival of the London Welsh Association, at the Royal Albert Hall.

Oxford Hilary Term ends.

Reading University Head of the River Race at Reading.

"Stampex" 1957—National Stamp Exhibition and Bourse (to 23rd), Central Hall, Westminster.

Concert: Eric Heidsieck piano recital, 7.30 at the Wigmore Hall.

Royal Artillery (Salisbury Plain) point-to-point at Larkhill; V.W.H. (Earl Bathurst's)

point-to-point at Siddington, Cirencester; Pegasus Club Race Meeting in Hertfordshire. Racing at Hurst Park, Hereford, Market Rasen and Ayr.

Mar. 17 (Sun.) Tchaikovsky concert by the London Symphony Orchestra, Albert Hall.

Mar. 18 (Mon.) The Queen and Prince Philip will attend a Reception at the Royal Automobile Club.

Winchester and County of Hampshire Music Festival (to 21st).

Racing at Warwick, Doncaster, Wye and Ayr.

Mar. 19 (Tue.) Princess Margaret will attend an afternoon reception held by the Dominions Fellowship Trust at the Fishmongers' Hall. Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colours Exhibition (to April 28), R.I. Galleries, Piccadilly.

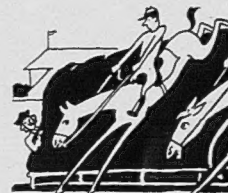
Lloyd's Golf Club Dinner at the Dorchester. Racing at Doncaster.

Mar. 20 (Wed.) Squash Rackets: Open Championships of British Isles (to March 25), Lansdowne Club.

Badminton: All England Championships (to March 23), at Wembley.

Shire Horse Show on Derby Race-course.

Racing at Lingfield Park and Worcester.



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Mrs. Reginald Cooper with her son

MRS. REGINALD COOPER and her son Julian Mark Colmer Cooper, who is nineteen months old, are seen in the Rutland Gate home of Mr. James Carlton Cross, Julian's great-grandfather. Before her marriage Mrs. Cooper was Miss Pansy

Macintosh, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Macintosh, of Rebeg, Kirkhill, Inverness-shire; her uncle is Sir Ronald Cross, Governor of Tasmania. Mr. Cooper is the son of Mr. and Mrs. H. R. Cooper, of Heyford House, Oxfordshire

A DANCE IN JUNE

MISS SUSAN SHAFTO is the daughter of Countess Howe and of Major E. D. Shafto. She is to share a coming out dance with her step-sister, Lady Frances Curzon. After the Season she hopes to become an interior decorator



Betty Swaebe

Social Journal

Jennifer

A WEDDING TO HERALD SPRING

THE beauty of the music and singing, and the reverence of the service, will long be remembered by all who were present at the marriage at St. James's, Spanish Place, of Mr. Gerald Jamieson, younger son of Sir Archibald Jamieson and the late Lady Jamieson, to the Hon. Mariegold Fitzalan Howard, eldest daughter of Lord Howard of Glossop and Baroness Beaumont. Father Leo Belton officiated, assisted by Father P. Casey, while Father Michael Hollings gave the address and Archbishop David Mathew celebrated the Mass. The bride, who was given away by her father, wore a gown of cream and gold brocade woven in a floral design, with a rounded train cut in one with the skirt. Her veil of old family lace was held in place with a diamond tiara, and she wore a superb diamond necklace and bracelet, which were wedding presents.

She was attended by two pages—her nephews, Martin Hubbard and Dominic Kelly, and ten child bridesmaids, all nieces of bride or bridegroom. They were Tessa, Marcia, Sarah, Jean and Isabel Fitzalan Howard, Teresa and Catriona Emmet, Fiona and Susie Jamieson and Zelig Fraser, who looked enchanting in long cream organza dresses with red sashes and red flowers in their hair. There were two grown-up bridesmaids, the bride's cousin, Miss Imogen Micklethwait, and Miss Diana Constable-Maxwell, who wore very attractive red taffeta dresses with red flowers in their hair. Major David Jamieson, V.C., was best man to his brother.

AFTER the ceremony there was a reception at Claridge's, when Lord Howard of Glossop and Baroness Beaumont (who, sitting in her wheel chair, looked charming in a dress of deep ruby red satin and a little black hat) received the guests with Sir Archibald Jamieson and the bridegroom's stepmother, Lady Jamieson.

The Fitzalan Howard family is one of the oldest, and certainly one

of the biggest in the country, so it was not surprising that there was a great number of guests and that many of these were relations. The head of the family, the Duke of Norfolk, was unable to be present as he was away with his cricket team in Jamaica, but I saw his eldest daughter, Lady Anne Howard, looking very charming in blue, and his sisters Lady Rachel Davidson, Lady Katherine Phillips, and Lady Winifred Freeman. The bride's four brothers and three sisters were all present: Col. the Hon. Miles Fitzalan Howard, who commands the Second Battalion of the Grenadier Guards, and his very sweet wife, who looked most attractive in blue, the Hon. Michael Fitzalan Howard and the Hon. Martin Fitzalan Howard with their wives, and the Hon. Mark Fitzalan Howard, who is now the only unmarried member of the family.

THE bride's sisters, the Hon. Mrs. Hubbard, the Hon. Mrs. Emmet and the Hon. Mrs. Kelly, all accompanied by their husbands, were busy keeping an eye on their children who formed part of the bridal retinue. The bride's aunt, the Hon. Mrs. Micklethwait, in her usual gay and sparkling way, wore a dress and an ostrich feather trimmed hat in a lovely shade of pale orchid mauve.

It was an outstandingly friendly and serene wedding, and happiness radiated everywhere among the guests. To mention a few of the very large number present, there were the Dowager Duchess of Grafton, Angela Countess of Perth, the Dowager Countess of Gainsborough, her son the Earl of Gainsborough and his wife, his sister Lady Dormer, Lady Anne Cumming-Bruce, looking very well—she and her husband now live in Chelsea—the Hon. Charles and the Hon. Mrs. Stourton, also both in great form, down from their home in Yorkshire for a few days, and his sister the Hon. Mrs. Petre Crowder—they were all talking to Major David Renton, M.P. for Huntingdon, who is Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Power.

Others included Lady Coryton, Myra Lady Fox, the Hon. Piers St. Aubyn, Sir Edward Boulton, Lord and Lady Remnant accompanied by their daughter the Hon. Susan Remnant, who had just returned from a skiing holiday in Switzerland, Viscountess Vaughan, and Mr. Peter French Davies talking to Major and the Hon. Mrs. O'Brien. I met Lady Illingworth, Mrs. Patrick Crichton-Stuart, W/Cdr. and Mrs. Gerald Constable-Maxwell, Miss Carolyn Constable-Maxwell, who had only returned from staying with her uncle, Mr. William Griffin, in America, the previous day, and Mrs. David Constable-Maxwell and her daughters Jennifer and Marcia; her husband missed the wedding as he was away in South Africa.

Also present were Mrs. Llewellyn, the Hon. Mrs. Nicholas Beaumont, Mrs. Baker Wilbraham down from Cheshire, the Hon. Isabel Monckton, the Hon. Mrs. Robin Dent, Miss Rose Lycett Green looking very pretty and wearing two little emerald green birds as a cap, Mr. Neil Fraser who has just returned from abroad, Mrs. Magnay, Miss Zelig Llewellyn, Mrs. des Graz and the Hon. Mrs. Butterwick, the latter accompanied by Miss Helena Piggot who has been Nanny in her family for many years, having come to her from the bridegroom's family where she had looked after the bridegroom from the time he was a month old until he went to school. Two other treasured friends among the guests were Miss Alice Johnston, meeting endless acquaintances (she has been Nanny in the bride's family for many years), and Miss Anne Brown, who has brought up W/Cdr. and Mrs. Gerald Constable-Maxwell's delightful family, who are such a credit to her; I met her talking to the Hon. Mrs. Miles Fitzalan Howard.

No long speeches were made; when the bride and bridegroom cut their wedding-cake, the Hon. Miles Fitzalan Howard simply asked all to join in drinking the health of Mariegold and Gerald, to which the bridegroom replied nearly as briefly. As the wedding took place at noon, the reception was combined with a delicious buffet luncheon, after which the bride and bridegroom went round happily greeting friends before they left for their honeymoon in Italy.

The bride, who has inherited the renowned charm and kindness of her parents, has for some time been working hard for the Multiple Sclerosis Society, which does so much for sufferers from this complaint, and she is a member of their executive committee.

THE Dominican Ambassador and his charming and attractive wife, Senora de Thomen, who was wearing a patterned blue silk dress, gave a most successful reception to celebrate the Dominican Republic's Independence Day. The two first floor reception rooms of the Embassy in Eaton Square, where His Excellency and his wife received the guests, were packed with friends, as well as the dining-room downstairs. There was a great number of diplomats at this party, also many Members of Parliament and personalities in public life.

The Lord Mayor, Sir Cullum Welch, and the Lady Mayoress, who had already changed into evening dress, were leaving for another engagement as I arrived. Mr. Selwyn Lloyd, the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, was standing at a good vantage point, not far from his host and hostess, greeting friends of many different nationalities as they came in. Nearby I saw Mrs. Neville Chamberlain, radiating, as always, elegance and charm. Countess Mountbatten came for a short while alone, as Earl Mountbatten had gone to a cocktail party at the Royal Thames Yacht Club, and later they were both going on to the theatre with the Queen and Prince Philip.

AMONG the company, I saw the Peruvian Ambassador with his lovely wife, also Sir Guy Salisbury-Jones, the Archbishop of Westminster, the Earl of Scarbrough, Lady Dorothy Macmillan, the Philippines Ambassador, who was off a few days later to Ghana for a short official visit, with his gay and pretty wife, Mme. Guerrero, talking to Mrs. Marie-Louise Arnold, Major Patrick Smyly talking to Senorita Jane Gilbert from Brazil, and Lady Petrie and her son who went over to talk to the Lord Chancellor and Viscountess Kilmuir, whom had I seen earlier in the day at St. Michael's Church, Chester Square. They were then attending the quiet and sincere memorial service for the late Lord Vansittart, when many friends from both Houses of Parliament and other spheres had come to pay their last respects to a great, charming and kind personality. Everyone felt the deepest sympathy for his charming wife in her sad loss, as Lord and Lady Vansittart were such an exceptionally devoted couple.

The following evening I went to a reception given by the Ecuadorean Ambassador and Mme. Penaherrera in Lowndes Square. Here again were many friends from the Diplomatic Corps, some of whom I

[Continued overleaf]



Miss Linda Gilmer, Miss Coralie Portal and Miss Elizabeth Gott were at the meeting



Behind: Miss A. Mostyn-Owen and Miss P. Davies-Scourfield. Front: Miss J. Burgess and Miss R. Still



Miss Tessa Kaye, Miss Marika Hopkinson and Miss Charlotte Bowater



Mrs. Anthony Nutting at the meeting. With her is Miss Zena Marshall



A. V. Swaabe

A committee meeting was held at the Hyde Park Hotel for the ninth Pied Piper Ball in aid of the N.S.P.C.C. Above, Mrs. Rupert de Zoete, joint deputy-chairman with Lady Gloria Flower (seated), addressing the committee



Betty Swaebe

DEBUTANTES this year are Miss Elisabeth Grimston (above), daughter of the Hon. John and Mrs. Grimston, and Miss Clarissa Caccia (below), daughter of the British Ambassador in Washington, and Lady Caccia



Lager

have already mentioned. Here I also met the Hon. William Watson-Armstrong and his gay and vivacious Italian born wife; I recently saw her lovely portrait by Pietro Annigoni, quite one of the finest this great painter has done. It is to be hoped that it may be submitted for this year's Royal Academy of Arts Summer Exhibition, which opens at Burlington House on May 4, so that many people may have the pleasure of seeing it.

★ ★ ★

ALL sorts of original ideas are put into practice for raising money for charity. It was an amusing idea of Lady Barbara Bossom to organize an invitation pay party, with instruction in how to dance Rock 'n' Roll, in order to raise money for Mrs. Gerald Legge's Fund for Old People. Mrs. Legge is very interested in the welfare of the elderly, and has visited almost a hundred official old people's homes in all parts of England, also quite a number of the old folk on their own; the lonely and miserable conditions many of the latter are living in have given her great distress, and it is to provide comforts for them that Mrs. Legge started the Fund.

Earl Granville is the honorary treasurer and Lord Herschell one of the trustees. Radio Luxembourg have been very kind and given her time on their peak hour Saturday evening programme, "Jamboree," for four weeks, when the entrance money for the exciting competitions for wonderful prizes all go to the Fund. Among friends who have very kindly agreed to appear on these programmes are the Duke of Marlborough with Tommy Trinder, the Duchess of Bedford, to sing a song from *The King And I*, and Lord Porchester, a talented amateur, in a programme with Bud Flanagan.

The party, which was strictly limited in numbers, took place at the home of Lady Barbara's father-in-law, Sir Alfred Bossom. The lessons were given by that great teacher, Miss Vacani, who has taught ballroom dancing to many members of the Royal Family in the past and now teaches Prince Charles and Princess Anne. Miss Vacani, who is over seventy years old, brought her niece, Miss Betty Vacani, and another assistant to help instruct the guests, and with great generosity and kindness gave all their time and efforts free for the charity. Miss Vacani told me how much the men at St. Dunstan's were enjoying learning to Rock 'n' Roll, which if danced correctly (not the home-made wild versions we see so often in some ballrooms) can be most attractive.

A COUPLE performing it outstandingly well were Mr. Francis Dashwood and his fiancée, Miss Victoria de Rutzen, who are to be married in London in May. Viscountess Vaughan, very slim in black, who was accompanied by her husband, was another who danced it well. She told me she learnt from watching her children when they go to their classes at Miss Vacani's each week. Sir Alfred Bossom was not present, but Mr. Clive Bossom was there to help his wife look after the guests, many of whom wore informal, gay and colourful clothes.

Mrs. Gerald Legge, in a short sapphire blue dress, came with Earl Bathurst, and was delighted to see how many friends had come to support the party and help the Fund for Old People. Sir James Turner, President of the National Farmers' Board, came with his wife and Mrs. Catherine Bray and watched the dancing with great amusement. The Earl and Countess of Guilford were there, the latter looking very attractive in a short red satin evening dress.

Mrs. Richard Sharples was dancing with Major "Kelpie" Buchanan, and I saw Mrs. Randolph Churchill, who arrived rather late, Miss Mary Ann Berry, Mr. and Mrs. Spencer le Marchant, who brought a party including Mr. Mark and Lady Annabel Birley and Mr. Peter McCall. Others included Countess Alphonse Kinsky, Mr. and Mrs. David Wilkinson who brought a party of friends, Major Michael Naylor-Leyland and his very pretty wife, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Hildyard, Mr. John Holbeach dancing with Mrs. Clive Graham, Miss Ann Conworth Fish and her fiancé, Miss Valda Rogerson and her fiancé Mr. Timothy Nicholson, and Col. and Mrs. James Allason; he was not dancing as he had hurt his back.

There was no lavish buffet or supper, just some orangeade or red wine and hot chipolata sausages on large dishes; with the house being kindly lent, and everyone giving their time and services to keep the overheads down, a nice little sum must have resulted from this cheerful and happy evening.

★ ★ ★

I WENT to a delightful cocktail party given by Lord and Lady Methuen in Lord Methuen's studio near Regent's Park. This was on the eve of the opening of the exhibition of his works—his eleventh in London—now being shown at the Leicester Galleries. In his studio, guests had the pleasure of seeing two or three of his pictures which are not at the Galleries, including an enchanting painting of the Pallio in Siena.

Lord Methuen studied under Sickert when the latter had a studio in Highgate, and held his first London exhibition in 1928. The present show, which I found most interesting when I visited it a few days after the party, consists largely of drawings and pastels of scenes in France and Italy done last summer. Lord Methuen is an honorary A.R.I.B.A., and his architectural drawings are excellent. He inherited a great collection of Old Masters with his family home, Corsham Court,

Wiltshire, and his love and knowledge of painting enables him to see that the pictures in the gallery there are well cared for. Students of the Bath Academy, which now occupies part of Corsham, have the advantage of studying these fine paintings in perfect condition.

For readers who will be in Paris during the next week, it would be interesting to go and see the work of a young English artist, Tony Stubbing, who is having an exhibition of his pictures at the Galerie Iris Clert, 3 rue des Beaux-Arts, VI, until March 20. He studied for some time in Spain, and has also worked in France.

★ ★ ★

MME. CHAUVEL, wearing a simple black afternoon dress, was At Home at the French Embassy for a committee meeting to discuss plans for the Anglo-French Ball. This is to take place at the Dorchester on April 4 and should be one of the biggest charity events of the season. It is to raise money for the French hospital in Shaftesbury Avenue, which is not nationalized, and is supported entirely by voluntary contributions. There is to be a really good cabaret, including some prominent French artists, a tombola with some wonderful prizes, and a raffle for such varied prizes as air tickets to Nice, Geneva and Brussels, kindly given by Air France, Swissair and Sabena Airways, a voucher for six days' stay at a hotel in Paris, and beautiful gold watches.

Mme. Jacques Tiné is chairman of the Anglo-French Ball this year, but was away in Paris on the day of the meeting, so one of the joint deputy chairmen, Mme. Bouchard-homme, looking very chic in navy blue with touches of white, deputized for her very efficiently. The joint Presidents are Mme. Chauvel and Lord Harvey of Tasburgh, who was represented at the meeting by Lady Harvey. Others present included la Marquise du Parc Locmaria, who is one of the Patrons, the Marquis and Marquise de Miramon, who are respectively vice-president and joint deputy chairman of the ball committee, Mme. Champenois and Mme. Libersant, two more deputy chairmen—Mme. Libersant has been busy collecting gifts for the tombola, and would be glad of still more, which can be sent to her at the French Hospital in Shaftesbury Avenue.

This was a big meeting and was followed by tea, which Mme. Chauvel kindly provided in the charming marble-walled dining-room overlooking the garden, where crocuses were already flowering. Among those present to support this ball were Lady Wakefield—on her way to see her latest grandchild—Lady Cohen, Mrs. Flora Lion, Mrs. Wakeham, Mrs. Reginald Tilley and French-born Mme. Nubar Gulbenkian. Tickets for the ball may be obtained from Mme. Tiné, at 59 Stanhope Gardens, S.W.7.

★ ★ ★

THE first night audience at the Palace Theatre certainly showed their appreciation of fine acting by a great French actress, supported by a good company. This was when Edwige Feuillère, who exudes charm, opened her short season of French plays, which closes on March 30. For the opening night the company gave *La Dame Aux Camélias*, which I, like most people in the audience, found very moving. The other plays in their repertoire are *La Parisienne*, *Le Carrosse Du Saint-Sacrement*, and *Phèdre*.

It was an extremely chic audience on the opening night. Two of the most elegant and best-dressed present were Mrs. Peter Thorneycroft, who was sitting in a box, wearing a red satin stole with a dark blue lace dress, and Mrs. Victor Cavendish-Bentinck, who also wore a red stole with her black dress. She still has her leg in plaster as the result of a skiing accident at St. Moritz. Mrs. Cavendish-Bentinck was in a box with the French Minister Baron de Juniac, whose other guests included the German Ambassador and Frau von Herwarth.

Others among the audience were Baroness Ravensdale, wearing a superb necklace of topaz and diamonds with her brown faille dress, and Dorothy Dickson in a short black velvet dress, who came over to talk to her in one of the intervals. Rose Marchioness of Headfort was there, also Countess Jellicoe looking very attractive in a short evening dress, Vicomtesse d'Orthez (Moirá Lister) in cream-coloured chiffon, Lady Korda escorted by Mr. David Metcalfe, and Alicia Markova, sitting in the stalls near Sir Robert Mayer, who had a party with him including his son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Peter Samuelson. Others enjoying the performance of this very good company and their outstanding leading lady included Sir Malcolm Sargent, Mrs. Beatrice Grosvenor and Mr. Oliver Messel.

After the performance Baron de Juniac gave a party at his home for Edwige Feuillère and some of the cast.

★ ★ ★

HR.H. PRINCE PHILIP will attend the world première of the film *Yangtse Incident* at the Plaza Cinema on April 1. The First Sea Lord, Earl Mountbatten of Burma, and the entire Board of Admiralty will also be in the audience to see this film, which from early reports I hear is going to be first class. The première is being organized in aid of the Navy League, and tickets may be obtained from the Earl of Granville, at the Navy League Headquarters, Grand Buildings, Trafalgar Square, W.C.2.



A DOMINICAN PARTY

THE Dominican Ambassador, Dr. Thomen, and Mme. Thomen, pictured above with their only child Miss Maria Consuelo Thomen, recently entertained many distinguished guests at a reception at the Embassy

H.E. Dr. Schreiber, K.B.E.,
and Mme. Schreiber

Mme. Llaverias with Major
A. Alvarez



Desmond O'Neill

Dr. Reina, Lady Elizabeth
Shirley and Mme. Reina

Miss L. Fisher, Mme. Thomen,
the Mayor of Kensington



Baroness Beaumont with the young bridesmaids, Teresa Emmet, Isabel Fitzalan Howard, Zelig Fraser, Catriona Emmet, Rowena Emmet, Marcia Fitzalan Howard (seated); Dominic Kelly, Sarah Fitzalan Howard, Tessa Fitzalan Howard, Martin Hubbard, Susie Jamieson, Jean Fitzalan Howard and Fiona Jamieson (standing)

Sir Edward Boulton was in conversation with the Hon. Lady Fox

Mr. B. Kelly, the Hon. Mrs. Kelly, Mr. C. Emmet and the Hon. Mrs. Emmet

The Hon. Mrs. C. Stourton, the Hon. Isabel Monckton, Miss A. Hawkins



Mr. Aubrey Buxton was here talking to Viscountess Vaughan

Mrs. Brian Buchel and Miss Imogen Micklethwait, a bridesmaid

The Hon. Mrs. C. Emmet and Lady Anne-Louise Hamilton-Dalrymple

A GREAT FAMILY OCCASION

ONE of the happiest of weddings was that of Mr. Gerald Jamieson, son of Sir Archibald Jamieson, and the Hon. Mariegold Fitzalan Howard, eldest daughter of Lord Howard of Glossop and Baroness Beaumont



Sir Archibald Jamieson, the bridegroom's father, and Lady Jamieson



The bride and bridegroom cutting the cake at the Claridge's reception. The best man (centre) was Major D. Jamieson, V.C.

Mr. Patrick Crichton-Stuart and Mrs. Crichton-Stuart

W/Cdr. G. Constable-Maxwell, Miss C. Constable-Maxwell



Mrs. Michael Fitzalan Howard and her husband Lt.-Col. the Hon. Michael Fitzalan Howard



Mr. Alistair Horne with Mrs. Horne



Miss Christina Bridgeman and Miss Elizabeth Paine

A. V. Swache

The schooner America, of 170 tons, winning the Royal Yacht Squadron Cup on August 22, 1851. She is depicted passing the Victoria and Albert off the Needles. Below, the cockpit of the Kay, a modern 52-ft. ocean racer, as she drives hard to windward



RESTORING THE SHEEN OF YACHTING'S BLUE RIBAND



ERNLE BRADFORD, writer of this article, has crossed the Atlantic three times under sail, was in last year's Bermuda race, and has cruised in many parts of the world

THE news that the New York Supreme Court has just made an amendment to the deed of gift of a Victorian silver cup (original value 100 guineas) may seem of trifling importance to people on this side of the Atlantic. But this is no ordinary cup. It is the America's cup.

It is true that its original value was only 100 guineas, yet literally millions of pounds have been spent in attempts to win it.

To understand its history one must go back to 1851, the year of the Great Exhibition, and to Cowes in the August of that year. It was the golden summer of the Victorian era; the roads were thick with warships, with the private vessels of visiting royalty, and with countless great yachts. The Queen's Cup was being raced for, and the Royal Yacht Squadron had thrown open the prize to the whole world.

Most eagerly awaited visitor was the 170-ton schooner, America, built for a New York syndicate and captained by John C. Stevens. She was the first American yacht of any consequence to be seen on this side of the Atlantic, and the shaven lawns of the Squadron were not without their cynics and scoffers who doubted whether the Americans were really civilized enough to know about yachting—and whether their boat builders were sufficiently capable.

SHE arrived, however, after a fine, fast crossing, and then—almost immediately—the first of the disputes broke out. Commodore Stevens declined to concede the usual time allowance for the difference in size, stuck to his guns, and refused to compete. The Queen's Cup race was held without the participation of the by now famous "Yankee" schooner.

Almost immediately afterwards the members of the Squadron, not wishing to incur any reproach on the grounds of not giving



Sir Thomas Lipton (above) who is reputed to have spent £2,000,000 on attempts to win the America's cup with his Shamrocks. Right, King George V's magnificent Britannia winning the large yacht race at Cowes in August, 1934. This photograph was taken from the deck of another competitor, Velsheda



the contender a fair chance, put up another cup, for a race round the Isle of Wight. On this occasion no time allowances were to be taken into account.

The history of this first famous race is well known and would take up too much space to detail here, but it is certainly worth picturing the scene: the roads at Cowes bristling with masts and cloudy with canvas, the twinkle of telescopes on the Squadron lawn, and the proud procession of sixteen fine yachts—"the poetry of naval architecture"—as they glided up to the start. Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort were there in the royal yacht Victoria and Albert, and received a handsome lowered-ensign salute from the America.

Alas for British pride and seamanship! The American schooner was unquestionably the finest boat in the race, her three most dangerous rivals were put out of action by a series of accidents, and the America romped home some eighteen minutes ahead of the 47-ton cutter Aurora. It is said that, as the winner was sighted approaching Cowes, a shout went up "Is the America first?" "Yes," came the reply. "Who's second?" A long pause, then—"Nobody!"

THE silver cup, then, became the America's—hence its subsequent name—and went across the Atlantic, where the winners presented it to the New York Yacht Club as an International Challenge Cup in perpetuity. From then on began the battle by British yachtsmen to recapture the trophy on that shining patch of sea off Martha's Vineyard and Long Island Sound. Yet the trophy obstinately remains where I saw it last year, in the model room of the New York Yacht Club.

One of the conditions of entry was that the challenging yacht must cross the Atlantic under her own sail, a condition that weighed heavily in favour of the defenders, who were able to build boats designed solely for the race. But the America had to cross the Atlantic first before she competed at Cowes, so was this condition unfair? It is a reasonable question but, as anyone who has crossed the Atlantic under sail knows full well, it is a very different thing coming over from West to East with the prevailing winds than beating against them for days on end. The latter imposes a heavy strain on hull and gear. The contestant is unlikely to arrive in the best of shape.

Best known and greatest of all challengers was, of course, Sir Thomas Lipton, "the boating grocer"—so called because the Kaiser, when asked one day by a member of the Yacht Squadron where his uncle, King Edward VII, might be, replied "I believe he has gone boating with his grocer!" It is estimated that Tommy Lipton spent over £2,000,000 on his Shamrocks in attempts—

one, at least, very nearly successful—to retrieve the cup.

It was in the 'twenties and the 'thirties—the great era of big yachts—that the America's cup excited its keenest interest. Another wealthy patron of the sport, and the man who perhaps came nearest to retrieving the cup, was Sir T. O. M. Sopwith with his Endeavours. And by now a specific type of boat had evolved to meet the demands both of the cup and of big class racing at Cowes.

THIS was the fabulous J-class—and no one who has ever seen them leaning like great white clouds over the Solent waters will ever forget them. They were more than the "poetry of naval architecture," they were the poetry of motion.

Anthony Heckstall-Smith in his book *Sacred Cowes* tells an amusing anecdote about this class and King George V, one of England's keenest yachtsmen:

The new class was known as the J-class, and all the yachts, including Britannia, carried the letter "J" on their mainsails.

"Why 'J'?" the King asked my father when he came aboard for the first time in the summer of 1931. My father explained to him that the letter denoted the size, or rating, of the class under the Universal Rule.

"It should have been 'A'," the King said, with the suspicion of a smile.

"Why, sir?" my father queried.

"'A' for Adultery, because, with the exception of old So-and-So, I'm the only owner in the class who still has his original wife!" the King chuckled.

BUT the days of the J-class and the men who could afford them have long since gone. This is all the more reason why the recent ruling of the New York Supreme Court on the conditions of the America's cup will interest all yachtsmen, and all who care for British reputation in international sport. The new ruling lays down that the minimum water-line length of yachts competing for the America's cup may now be forty-four feet. Sixty-five feet was the previous minimum, and most of the contestants were, in fact, about eighty feet. What this means, in effect, is that yachts half the size of the old J-class may now be built to compete for the blue riband of the sailing world.

It is a decision that cannot but stimulate designers, potential owners, and all sailors, on this side of the Atlantic. British designers and crews have proved their worth all over the world in the new class of small ocean racers since the war. Dare one hope that the day is not far distant when that trophy, which has gleamed in New York since 1851, will be back once more in the country of its origin?



A VIEW OF BIRD LIFE

THIS golden oriole feeding a moth to its young will be on show at Kodak House, Kingsway, in "Looking at Birds," an exhibition of photographs by Eric Hosking, F.R.P.S., M.B.O.U. Sponsored by British bird societies, the exhibition's private view will be opened by Mr. Peter Scott on April 9, with public showing from April 10 for some weeks.

Roundabout

• Cyril Ray

VICTORIAN London has an unfailing fascination for amateurs both of high life and of low—for all students, in fact, of the infinite variety of human nature.

The current exhibition, at Walker's Galleries in Bond Street, of what the catalogue describes as "Excursions and Diversions of the Victorian Era," ranges about as widely among the coloured prints of the period as decorum would permit.

Even now that we have learned better than to think that all Victorians were as prim as they looked, or as proper as they pretended, it is a surprise to see quite so many crinolines swinging quite so naughtily in the breeze, and to find, depicted so vigorously, so many tipsy husbands and such mischievous young things.

There are prints of the good Queen Victoria herself and her family—no more out of place among the rollicking, frolicking Londoners of her time than those of Louis Philippe, the bourgeois king, among the French prints here of the eighteen-forties. Some of these—there are some wonderfully vigorous Destouches engravings—carry into the age of the gamp and the chimney-pot hat something, at any rate, of the frothy frivolity, if not the prettiness, of Boucher and Fragonard.

Here are ladies as notable as Jenny Lind and as notorious as Lola Montez: the obverse and reverse of the Victorian medal were respectability and rakishness.

As the age itself well knew, for there were those Victorians who could laugh at the period they lived in. Witness the cartoon boldly published in prim Victorian England, of the "philanthropic divine" pressing a tract upon a crinolined young woman in Regent Street, only to be told, "Bless me, sir: you're mistaken. I am not a social evil, I am only waiting for a bus."

★ ★ ★

ALL of which reminds me that there fell into my hands the other day a copy of *The Man Of Pleasure's Illustrated Pocket-Book* for 1850, an astonishingly candid and detailed guide to the night life of London—far more candid and far more detailed, indeed, than would be permitted in what we fondly think to be a less inhibited age than the eighteen-fifties.

Why, there were even, so the title page proclaims, "enclosed in a secret pocket, the cards of address of a select few attractive lasses." The pocket was empty, I swear, by the time that this remarkable little *vade-mecum* reached me.

As there is so little in this printed guide to the cigar divans, rat-killing cellars, sporting houses and introduction rooms of London that could now be reprinted, let us be content merely

with the preface addressed to the Courteous Reader—"I trust that this book will not be read as the beacon-light to the fatal quicksands of pleasure and dissipation, but rather as the good genius of pleasure's gay parterre, conducting the enchanted visitor to those bowers where bloom the fairest yet innoxious flowers. . . ."

My only comment upon which sublime piece of hypocritical humbug is that an eminent authority on rare books tells me that the reason for the infrequent survival of what must have been published as recently as a century ago in its many thousands, and in a substantial leather binding, is the indignation with which widows came upon it in the effects of deceased Victorian papas, and the promptitude with which they flung it on the fire.

★ ★ ★

EAGER, as always, to share with my readers the latest developments in science and medicine, let me acquaint them with the discovery made by an ingenious friend, and before the *Lancet* or the *British Medical Journal* gets wind of this new disease.

The friend I speak of had been the victim of sneezing fits, and it occurred to him, when they persisted beyond the lifetime of a common cold, that this surely, must be an allergy.

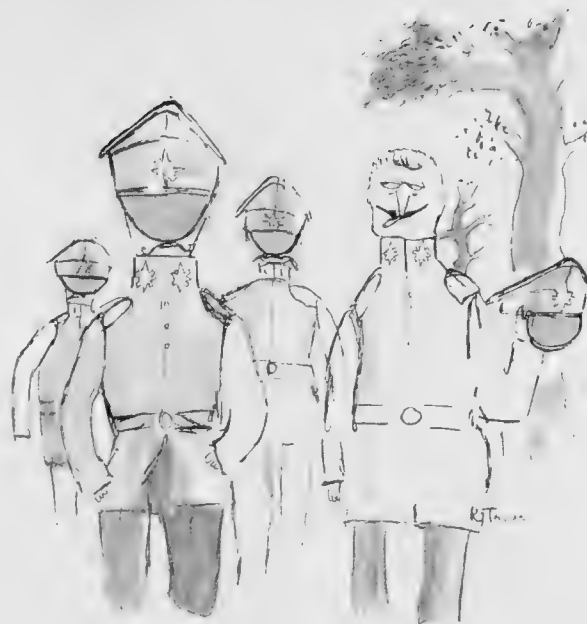
But an allergy to what? The sneezing came at frequent and various intervals, on occasions to which there was no common denominator. It wasn't tweed and it wasn't turtle soup; it was neither his shaving brush nor his spectacles. It was not his wife, nor even his mother-in-law. Only as he lay in his bath the other morning, he told me, did inspiration come, as it came to Archimedes. "Eureka!" he cried, "I'm allergic to me!"

★ ★ ★

ARE relations a little less strained now, I wonder, between Hampstead and Chelsea? According to recent reports from the buffer boroughs that lie between their genteel and cultivated boundaries there has been some danger of a battle over books.

Fired, no doubt, by all the notions now flying around of European union and the abolition of passports, the twenty-odd metropolitan boroughs that go to make up Greater London decided recently upon reciprocity in the matter of public-library tickets. Borrowers' tickets for their several libraries should become available in every borough. All agreed except Chelsea—which meant that Chelseamen could go browsing all over London, but in Chelsea, only Chelseamen.

Hampstead decided upon sanctions. Keep Chelseamen from your shelves! was the cry, and support was solicited. Other boroughs threatened to join in erecting an iron curtain (if I may



"We proceed down 'ere 20 paces keeping the noise of the traffic to the right. Turn left 7 paces and 'alt. Then Smith '09 'as a look"

coin a phrase) to enclose postal districts S.W.3 and S.W.10. Angry passions rose and, as a distinguished Hampstead patriot observed to me recently, "it needs only a word from Mr. Dulles to start something serious."

I must confess that I have been too idle even to keep myself informed (or perhaps too apprehensive: suppose Islington should be drawn in!) let alone to stick coloured flags on my map of the metropolis. Is there a fifth column in the heart of Hampstead? Are heavily disguised Chelseamen dropped on the Heath at night furnished with forged library tickets?

Greatly should I like to think so. It is all too long since the metropolitan boroughs were locked in battle, when (as G. K. Chesterton recorded) a herald was despatched up Church Street in all the pomp of the South Kensington blue and gold, with South Kensington's device on his tabard, and three trumpeters in attendance, to demand the surrender of the Lord High Provost of Notting Hill

In the event it was South Kensington that surrendered, you will remember; the religion of South Kensington and the ancient national customs of Bayswater were respected by the conquerors; and the Waterworks Tower on Campden Hill plated with gold in honour of the great victory. Ah, if only we live to see Chelsea or Hampstead—I don't really care which—gold-plating a public library!

★ ★ ★

SPIKE HUGHES has defined the Coarse Traveller, in his engaging new book on the subject, as one who spends little because he has little to spend; travels purely for pleasure and is never in any hurry; understands the conventions, traditions and peculiarities of certain recognized and approved forms of transport and "approaches the whole subject in an inventive, imaginative and artistic manner."

Mr. Hughes's omission of Ireland from his book, on the grounds that it is such a paradise for Coarse Travellers that it hardly needs consideration, I can heartily endorse. "Nowhere else in the world," observes the Master, "has the passenger more control over passenger transport, more freedom to get off a train when and where he pleases, more personal contact with The Company, or opportunity to disprove the saying that time waits for no man." I recall complaining in Dublin, during the war, at having to pay threepence for a platform ticket when I essayed to meet the wood-fired stopping train from Cork: the dearest platform ticket in the world! I cried.

"Ah," said the ticket collector, "but look at the wait you get for the money."

BRIGGS

by Graham





C. C. Fennell

Leopardstown steeplechase was trial for Grand National

A LARGE mid-week gathering attended Leopardstown when the three-mile handicap chase was won by Tutto, one of the Irish trained hopes for the Grand National. Above, Pat Taaffe taking Lord Bicester's Winning Coin over in great style in the Stillorgan Maiden Hurdle



*Brig. Anthony Wingfield, with Mrs. Wingfield
and their daughter, Miss Deirdre Wingfield*



*Mrs. P. M. Lamb, the English owner, talking to
her trainer Mr. Patrick Murphy*

*Miss Jean Cragie discussing the runners with
Mr. and Mrs. Roland Guilford*

*Mrs. Waring Willis, the point-to-point rider,
with Mrs. John Corbett*



SOLDIERS RODE AT TWESELDOWN

ENTRIES for the Staff College and R.M.A. Sandhurst point-to-point at Tweseldown exceeded those of last year and a large crowd of spectators enjoyed an excellent afternoon's racing. Right, Major C. H. C. Lloyd leads the field over a fence in the Open



Miss Susan Mitchell and Miss Joanna Poett



Miss Elizabeth Philipson and Miss Jane Sibley



Mr. M. S. Close, M.F.H., Major and Mrs. M. Hawkins



Major R. Eiloart and Mrs. J. A. Norman on a coach



Lt.-Col. R. K. Chiesman and Miss Cynthia Palmer



Mrs. Christopher Mackintosh with her son Peter

Miss Elizabeth Spencer on Goldie, winner of the Adjacent Hunts' Ladies Race



Capt. and Mrs. J. Meredith and Mr. J. Meredith (centre)

Lt.-Col. J. Harington and Col. F. B. Wyldbore-Smith, who were judges, with Cadet Sgt. P. J. Burns de Bono Desmond O'Neill

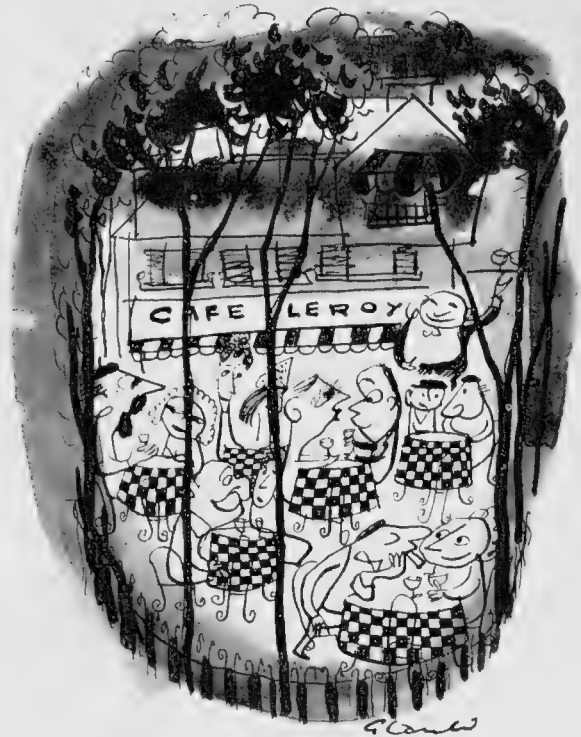




F. J. Goodman

AT HOME IN AN OLD PALAZZO

SIGNORINA FERNANDA BRUNO is the daughter of Signor Luigi Bruno, a well-known financier. Her parents own the largest estate in Italian Somaliland and live in the Palazzo Ponti, one of the old palaces of Milan. Signorina Bruno is qualifying for a certificate in modern languages



Priscilla in Paris

FROM STRIKES TO STAR QUALITY

ELDERLY people, who lived in the dear dull days before world wars, atom bombs and erotic literature by under-sixteens became fashionable, often made use of the magic letters: "D.V.W.P." when planning their future movements. Now we are more circumspect. Divine tolerance must not be implored *à la légère* for our little affairs and we can rely on attractive rain-proof garments for the weather. We do, however, touch wood and murmur "I.S.P." (if strikes permit). Not that we worry overmuch since we have learned to take them in our stride.

Habit breeds contempt and every strike has a silver lining! Walking is a healthy exercise when bus and Metro remain stationary. If the gas stove does not function there are always restaurants to go to. When the pedagogues walk out of the State schools, do the children complain? And if the postman does not even ring once, it must be remembered that no news is good news . . . what more can one desire?

THERE is only the misconduct of one corporation for which I can find no palliative. This is when the scavengers down tools and the streets of Paris are lined all day with overflowing dustbins that the concierges put out for collection at dawn.

Dustbins indeed! What an understatement!

Sordid details have no place on this fair and glossy page; I prefer not to say more but before I turn to a more pleasant topic it occurs to me that there IS a silver lining to *MM. les boueux's* behaviour after all. The stray animals and human down-and-outs of this lovely city will bear me out.

The P.T. (or pleasant topic) is Madame Zizi Jeanmaire who, after many pleasing triumphs with and in her husband-Roland Petit's ballets, and a personal success in the Folies-Bérgère film, is bill-topping a variety programme at Maurice Chevalier's Alhambra. She is wholly and adorably charming. Two thousand spectators nightly crowd to the big music-hall to see her dance, sing and act before heatedly discussing whether "Zizi" is another Mistinguett or not.

This is sheer foolishness. How many of these self-appointed



FRANCOISE ARNOUL stars in the film "On Sait Jamais" with Franco Fabrizi and Christian Marquand

critics ever saw *la Mis'* when she was Zizi's age, which would have been somewhere around 1910? How, therefore, can they compare the two enchantresses otherwise than by the photographs of their very perfect legs? The answer to that is fifty-fifty, though *Mis'* may have had a certain advantage since, in her days, legs were more of a rarity than they are now. Yet it was not her legs alone that carried her to stardom: her oldest and most ardent admirers are still wondering what it was that did so.

MISTINGUETT's looks were not sensational. She had no voice. Her dancing was non-existent and other actresses have been able to walk down a towering staircase without looking at their toes and without tumbling into the orchestra conductor's arms! Nevertheless, for more than a quarter of a century she was the queen of the Variety stage and the darling of Paris. Those who saw her during her *beaux jours* will never forget her. One is glad that her son, the eminent surgeon, M. de Lima-Silva, has refused to sanction the film of her life that was to have been made: there is no one who could play the part.

It is only on the stage that nothing is ever *la même chose*.

But visitors to Paris must not miss "Zizi"!

This reminds me that I have a belated word of warning to visitors. The exclamation "O.K."—pronounced *oké* of course—is no longer good Parisianese. Try "*dac*" instead, after getting the right pronunciation from a native on arrival. The meaning of the snappy syllable? Just the same as "*oké*"! It boils down from "*d'accord*," a simplification of the more dignified statement that one is in accordance with this, that or the other. It is not, however, a remark that a skinflint makes when tipping the taxi driver! DAC?

Toujours la politique

- Is it M. Pierre Mendès-France who was heard to remark: "A political orator is a strange animal. He must have the voice of a stentor, the eye of an eagle, the agility of a monkey, the digestion of an ostrich . . . and the tears of a crocodile."



MAURICE CHEVALIER turns pony trainer for the annual Artists' Charity Gala; he is seen rehearsing



"SUBWAY IN THE SKY" (Savoy). This new thriller has a U.S. Army Major on the run. His presence in the flat of an unwilling divorcée (Margaret Lockwood) arouses speculation. Did he kill the soldier, is he a Communist, was he cruel to his wife (Valerie White, left)? Zachary Scott as the Major evidently finds these questions as ticklish a problem also, while detective Nigel Stock is quite clearly plain exasperated

At the Theatre

BOX AND COX IN A SKYSCRAPER



QUITE a strong paper case can be made out for not going to the new thriller at the Savoy. It has a rather putting off title—*Subway In The Sky*. The setting is New York, but it is written by a Scotsman who has never been in the States. And the story itself is open to several awkward practical objections. Yet there is an even stronger case for going to see it. This case rests on the simple fact that Mr. Ian Main has the trick of holding an audience.

He insists that a determined lady could hide a wanted man in an apartment at the top of a skyscraper for more than a fortnight with the New York police closely watching the building, and we let him have his way. The general situation is far from plausible, but its development is rapid and there is always some new question to engage the attention agreeably. What are the intentions of the rough looking man who so frightens the lonely lady when she draws the curtains of the window leading to the fire escape?

At first it seems undoubted that they are desperately nefarious, but once his demands for "cawfee" and food and a hot bath have been met his manner changes. He is an army major who has deserted his unit and come back to his own apartment which he did not know his wife had sub-let. His wife and he are separated, but he must at all costs get into touch with her.

THE lady's fright has by this time given way to a fascinated curiosity. She is, as Miss Margaret Lockwood nicely portrays her, that sort of woman—a hurt divorcée who would not be averse from trying her luck a second time. The man's chivalrous suggestion that he should not embarrass her further but go out into the dangerous night does the trick. She falls violently in love with her refugee. He accounts for his need to have a talk with his wife by saying that she and her psychopathic son have used his early Communist sympathies to frame a charge against him of passing information. Hence his flight. And his new mistress is more than ever resolved to protect him, even though every other ring at the bell announces the return of a police investigator to ask her, now with disarming brightness, now with tough purposefulness, to protest once more that she has seen nothing of the missing army major.

These police warnings are unnerving, but the visit of the major's wife is even more startling. She behaves in an odd way, ransacking drawers before she can be stopped; she appears to be horribly alarmed for her own safety; and before she departs she divulges the fact that the missing man is wanted not only for desertion but for murder. This is as far as the plot can be described without spoiling sport. The questions left for the heroine and the audience to decide on are: is the refugee the victim of a political frame-up or of wifely psychopathic jealousy or did he really kill the soldier in his company who has been found dead and mutilated? They are developed gradually and answered finally in a swift ding-dong battle of interrogation with some sharply surprising turns.

IF the piece is only the outward semblance of a good thriller and gives off a hollow sound whenever tapped by the mind, there is accomplished acting to reduce to a minimum the temptation to tap too often. Miss Margaret Lockwood is very happy in the part of the woman who mixes an impulsive generosity which is attractive with a natural foolhardiness which prompts her best friends to suppose that she has asked for all that comes to her. Mr. Zachary Scott manages admirably to suggest that the fugitive may equally well be a quixotic hero, a bit of a brute or even a self-deluded psychopathic. The part is made no easier for him by constantly forcing him in and out of hiding: I cannot recall a play in which curtains played so prominent a part. Miss Valerie White gives a good sound performance as the wife whose soundness of mind is always in doubt. But perhaps best of all is Mr. Nigel Stock, the cheerful police investigator, who takes his work quite seriously but allows time off, so to speak, to watch himself doing it with a humorous detachment which is most engaging. "Now I must revert to type," he will say, rudely sticking on his pork pie hat to bark out some tough questions; and still not satisfied with the answers he gets he relapses into a grinning acknowledgment of professional fallibility. Without Mr. Stock the evening would not be half so much fun.

—Anthony Cookman



Houston Rog

PRIMA BALLERINA IN THE STEPS OF PAVLOVA

NADIA NERINA, prima ballerina of the Royal Ballet, is seen in "The Dragonfly," a solo dance created and immortalized by Pavlova, and recently re-created at Sadler's Wells by Miss Nerina in an exact replica of the original costume. "The Dragonfly" forms part of "Ballet Highlights," the divertissement programme danced by Nadia Nerina and Alexis Rassine on their current Scottish tour



SCOTTISH REEL

Miss Linda Landale with
Mr. Peter Petre



*Mr. Anthony Bamford sitting out
with Mrs. Bamford*



*The Hon. Diana Baird and
Mr. Rory Macpherson*



Desmond O'Neill

ith Lord

IN MAYFAIR

and their partners
esses made a colourful
Highland Ball held at
ards played for some
the class in London

Miss Marianne McCausland
and Mr. Robert Burn



Mr. David Buchan and Miss
Ann-Davina Alderton



Mr. Rory Macpherson and Miss Linda Landale, and (right) Mr. David Landale and
his partner take part in an eightsome reel

Miss Kirstie Dundas, Mr. David
Landale and Miss Judy Saville-Wood



Miss Norena Stewart-Clark partnered
by Mr. Miles Huntington-Whiteley



At the Pictures

MONKEYING WITH THE LAW

BY virtue of a precept to me, a critic pledged to speak as I find, directed—I hereby accuse the Messrs. John and Roy Boulting of filming with intent. Having, with considerable malice aforethought and *Private's Progress*, deliberately provoked an empurpled bristle of Brigadiers, they have gone forward with calculated naughtiness and *Brothers-In-Law* to arouse an indignant rustle of Silks. I ask that, by way of punishment for their unprecedented impudence, these two witty rascals be condemned personally to count their own box-office receipts—which should keep them out of mischief for quite some time.

"If all the characters in this film were not fictitious, it would be alarming," reads the tongue-in-cheek footnote to the Messrs. Boultings' vastly entertaining account of goings-on in the legal profession. It is, as it stands, sufficiently alarming to make me thank my stars that I am not a litigious person—for it wickedly implies that it is often a matter of luck rather than law whether a case is lost or won.

MR. IAN CARMICHAEL, an innocent newly called to the Bar, has great charm as the principal character. Mr. Miles Malleson is the venerable, vague, avuncular Q.C. who accepts Mr. Carmichael as a pupil and, on his first day, lands him with a brief about which he knows positively nothing. Mr. Carmichael's frenzied efforts, under the contemptuous eye of a smouldering Judge, to find out if it's the plaintiff or the defendant he is supposed to be representing throw the Court into confusion and the young man into despair.

Mr. Richard Attenborough, his cocky colleague, urges him to take heart: he will soon get the hang of it, says Mr. A.—proceeding to show his own prowess in the questioning of a wonderfully dumb witness (Miss Irene Handl) and earning a sharp rebuke from the Bench for wasting the time of the Court.

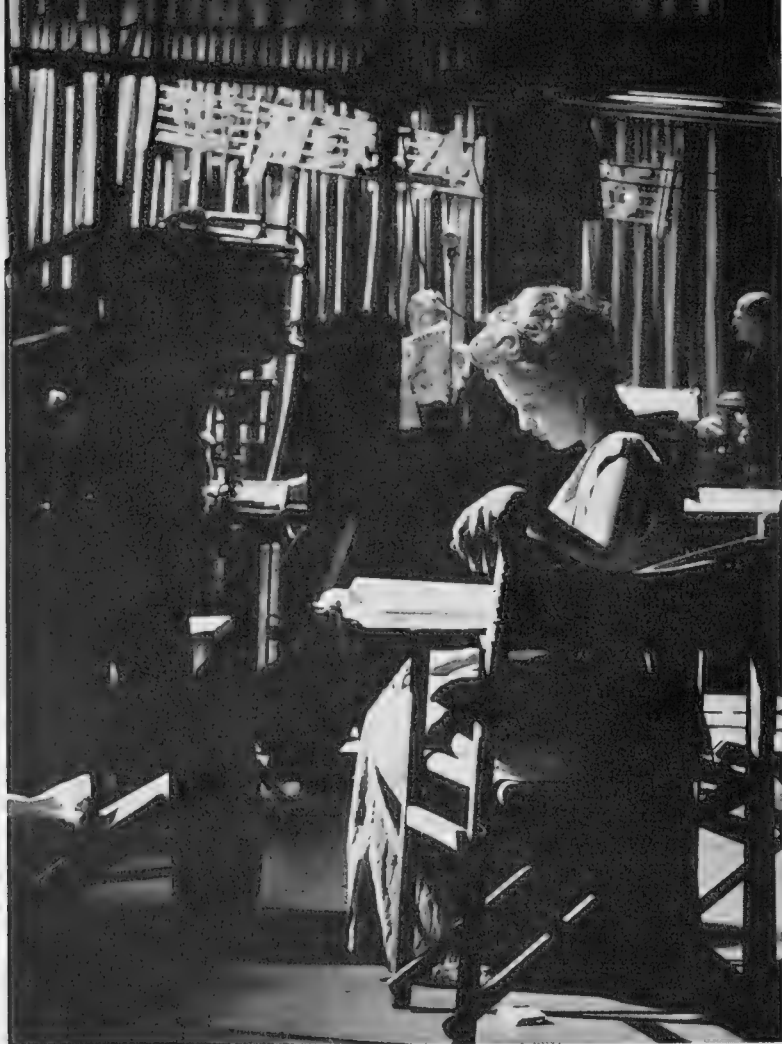
A disastrous (and hilarious) game of golf puts Mr. Carmichael in the bad books of Judge Ryman (Mr. John Le Mesurier), who accordingly sees to it that the unfortunate barrister achieves the almost impossible and loses an undefended divorce case.

Mr. Carmichael's first success affords him little satisfaction. Having picked up "a dock brief" at the Old Bailey, he finds himself defending an obnoxious spiv (Mr. Terry-Thomas, giving a shockingly good performance) charged with fraud. By following the advice of his wily client, who knows all the legal loopholes, Mr. Carmichael wins the case—and is disgusted that a fellow so richly deserving imprisonment should get off scot-free.

IT is not until he appears at the Assizes in his own home town that Mr. Carmichael begins to enjoy his profession. Here, deputizing for Mr. Attenborough (absent in pursuit of his wig, which has gone to a funeral on its own), Mr. Carmichael, purely fortuitously, makes a pleasing impression on the presiding Judge (Mr. Kynaston Reeves)—with the result that a sports reporter who seems to have a good case is browbeaten by eager barrister and prejudiced Bench into a quaking jelly without a leg to stand on. This, of course, is immensely gratifying to Mr. Carmichael and his admiring parents (Mr. Henry Longhurst and Miss Edith Sharpe), but might make one wonder whether British Justice is all it's cracked up to be.

Miss Jill Adams prettily provides a little feminine interest to enliven the intervals between briefs—intervals that can be disquietingly protracted for the impecunious young barrister, one gathers—and Mr. Eric Barker, of radio fame, gives an excellent performance (the best, I think, in an extremely well-acted picture) as Mr. Malleson's clerk, a faithful, kindly, drab fellow with the dust of countless legal files upon him and the details of all the Q.C.'s cases at his fingertips.

Based on the novel by Mr. Henry Cecil, the screenplay, by Messrs. Frank Harvey, Jeffrey Dell and Roy Boulting, wittily exploits the humours of the robing-room, Court procedure and the quaint jargon of our learned friends ("Have the trousers been proved?" testily asks a judge dealing with a tailor's case)—and Mr. John Boulting has directed felicitously. I don't see how you



PEGGY CUMMINS on the set at Pinewood of *Hell Drivers*, in which film she is secretary to the unscrupulous boss of a haulage company. Stanley Baker plays an honest new driver embroiled with crooks

SOPHIA LOREN, sultry as ever, gets on friendly terms with a camel on the location for *Legend Of The Lost* at Zliten in Libya. Starring with her in this film are John Wayne and Italian actor Rossano Brazzi





SIR JOHN GIELGUD as the tyrannical Mr. Barrett confronts his frightened but rebellious children in *The Barretts Of Wimpole Street*. On the right are Virginia McKenna and Michael Brill

can fail to enjoy this teasing film—unless, perhaps, you are involved in or about to embark upon a lawsuit.

USUALLY it is a pleasure to meet old friends but I must confess that *The Barretts Of Wimpole Street* have become a bit of a bore with the passing of the years. I very much doubt whether the younger generation today will care at all to make their acquaintance: to the spirited teenager it will surely seem incredible that eight strapping, grown-up brothers and sisters, sound in wind and limb, would allow their tyrannical father completely to dominate and ruin their lives. The current film, based on M. Rudolf Besier's play and directed by Mr. Sidney Franklin who directed the earlier version (in 1934), has a desperately dated air: the period dialogue is strictly stage Victorian and the whole production marred by a discouraging theatricality.

Miss Jennifer Jones gives a mannered performance as Elizabeth Barrett, the poetess condemned to the life of an invalid by the father who professes to love her—and, indeed, does, in a highly sinister fashion. Sir John Gielgud is cold and stern as Mr. Barrett—but his beautiful voice is not that of a man inwardly seething with coarse and hideous repressed passions. Mr. Bill Travers seems to me hopelessly miscast as the dynamic poet, Robert Browning, who, by sheer force of personality, snatched Elizabeth from a lingering death and eloped with her.

HE is altogether too earthy: his "Home Thoughts from Abroad" would, one suspects, be of steak-and-kidney pie rather than the chaffinch singing on the April orchard bough.

Miss Virginia McKenna, chin well out, wrestles valiantly with the rôle of wayward Henrietta, and Miss Susan Stephen makes pretty, wheedling Cousin Bella a giggling little baggage who should have her ears boxed.

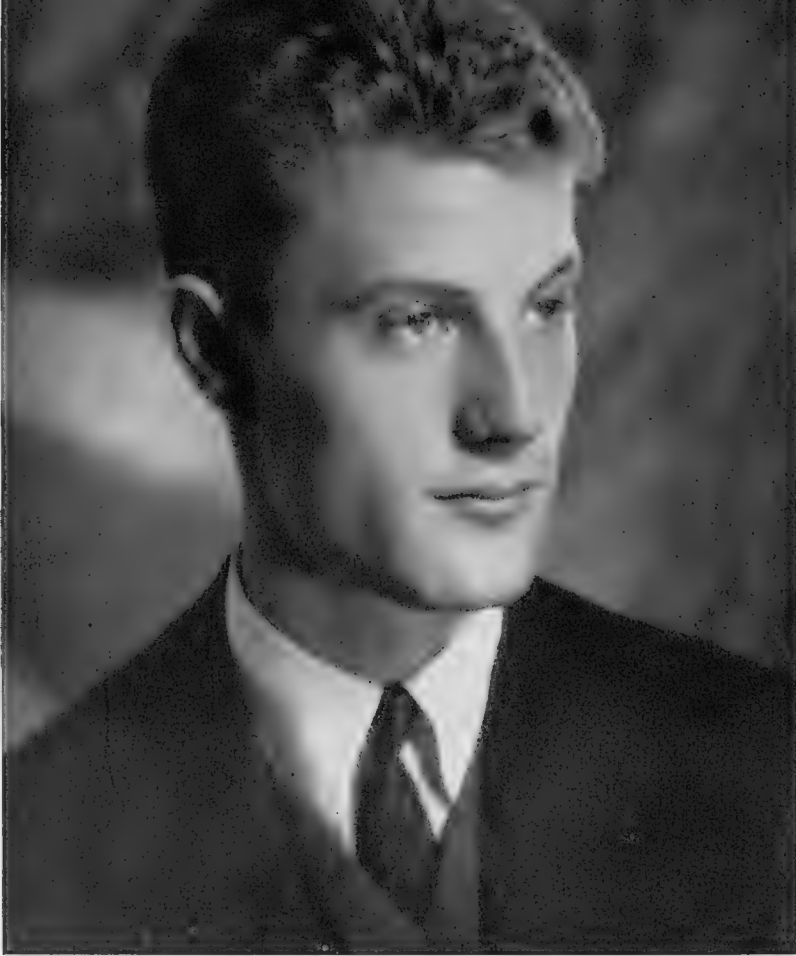
The 1934 production was probably no more realistic than this one—but it was certainly more memorable. Who, having seen them, will ever forget Mr. Charles Laughton's rage, Miss Norma Shearer's horror, or the poetry of Mr. Fredric March's very presence and the dark lightning of his glance? Of the present production, all you are likely to remember is that a spaniel played Flush exactly like a spaniel.

—Elspeth Grant



THE LID is taken off the legal profession in the Boulting Brothers' comedy *Brothers-In-Law*. Above: Confidence trickster Alfred Green (Terry-Thomas) suggests a shady deal to the barmaid (Susan Marryott). Below: Ian Carmichael with his smooth "brother-in-law" (Richard Attenborough), and neighbour (Nicholas Parsons)





ERIC HEIDSIECK, the gifted young French pianist, gives a recital at the Wigmore Hall on Saturday. He has given concerts abroad which have received much favourable attention, and last September had a great success at the Festival Hall

Fayer



LORD METHUEN, the host, with Lord Amulree and Professor Geoffrey Webb, at a cocktail party given at Primrose Hill to celebrate the opening of Lord Methuen's Leicester Galleries exhibition of recent water colours and drawings

Book Reviews

MR. MORGAN'S NEW NOVEL

CHARLES MORGAN's first novel for six years, **Challenge To Venus** (Macmillan, 15s.), centres right in the heart of the Morgan country. Do not misunderstand me—this master novelist is bound to no special geographic terrain: on the contrary, his variations of setting, from book to book, have been not the least of the evidence of his powers. It is in another sense that there are two "constants." Who can fail (at any rate since *The Fountain*) to associate the novels of Charles Morgan with the at once searing and sublimating course of passionate love and, linked to that, evocation of its surroundings?

For the encounter between "Fiery" Lyghe, an Englishman just out of the ordinary, and Fiammetta, Italian princess of ancient heritage, the scene could hardly be better set. Varenna (not the Como Varenna) is a hill town on the borders of Tuscany and Umbria. Here Lyghe, whose actual Christian name is Martin, is visiting his mentor of Oxford days, the mellow and scholarly Sullivan, now expatriate. Our hero is himself no stranger to Italy, having been the son of a British consul steeped in the culture of that enchanting land. After the boyhood he had enjoyed, can one wonder that all years spent away from Italy have been, for Martin, a form of exile?

TRUE, the fortunes of war had brought him to Italy as a combatant—and, in the military meaning, hero. The machine gun episode had been neither the first nor last example, in Martin, of psychic or extra sense. In Varenna, he is indeed to find, a sensational legend has preceded him—thanks (or not thanks) in part to his loyal and charming local friend, Benedetto. Distinguished, otherwise, by gigantic height and by hair whose tinge accounts for his nickname, the Englishman is welcomed with open arms by the as-a-rule exclusive local nobility.

Chief among these are the Aghinolfi. Anciently lords of the fortified hilltown, this family has been only in name reduced by Left Wing progress: still occupying their palazzo within the walls, they continue to dominate as in the manner born—they are said even to be of pre-Christian origin. Fiammetta, fundamentally pagan, is a beautiful true-to-type Aghinolfi daughter. Marriage had made her Princess Alerani; now, as a widow of twenty-five, she occupies a medieval suite in her natal palace, between her descents on Rome.

The jacket of *Challenge To Venus* shows a medallion in which Fiammetta appears on her shell-shaped balcony—thereby setting alight in Martin associations with the Botticelli goddess of the errant tresses. His reaction is a cagey refusal to be introduced—in which, it may be felt, he shows sixth-sense caution. However, one of those delightful and inexorable Italian luncheon parties outwits him: from then on it is to be a case of flame merging with flame. Moreover the gods themselves are taking a hand—a landslide prevents the arrival of other guests on the evening "Fiery" dines at Fiammetta's.

ENVIOUS readers, as they read on, may feel that Martin had all the luck. Mr. Morgan more than states his heroine's beauty, he makes felt to the full its effect, its uncanny effluence. Fiammetta's cool disconcerting pauses, her movements so unexpected yet so expressive, work on the English mortal like wine and firelight—and like something more, non-human, perhaps divine? It is in the ensuing days that the conflict opens: class, heredity, nationality, all assert themselves. Martin's mind runs to marriage, Fiammetta's not.

And as to this, reluctantly, we support her. Can we envisage her keeping house in Aden (whither Martin is bound, to take up employment) or, later, near his mother in Sussex? Equally, could he hang up his sturdy, British middle-class hat among her up-stage, run-down Latin blue-blooded relatives? And there are other diversities, still more complex. . . . Decision, however,



Mark Gerson

suspends itself up to the final page. With *Challenge To Venus*, I have but three minor quarrels—I simply cannot divorce the place-name “Varenna” from its Como lakeside associations; I shrink from pronouncing our hero’s surname—and how on earth did Italians get their tongues round it? And I cannot conceive how he put up with Italian unpunctuality as to meals: surely a man of his size is always hungry?

★ ★ ★

JEAN MATHESON, hitherto known, with distinction, as a “straight” novelist, has now written a detective story **So Difficult To Die** (Collins, Crime Club, 10s. 6d.). Has mystery-fiction, one wonders, laws of its own?—is a writer from other fields thereby handicapped? Miss Matheson makes no apparent blunders; her plot is sound, her solution possible. Her characters are perhaps *too* convincing, for their anxieties bite uncomfortably deep. The sick-to-death radiologist, his cryptic, lovely foreign wife, his physician brother, his unattractive protégé and his ancient housemaid are at once sinister and haunting.

Miss Matheson, apart from all else, is a relentless portrayeur of discomfort, as exemplified by the Powers’ gaunt Scottish-Victorian home. “In each room” (we read, of the morning after the tragedy), “the electric fire had been left on, adding a dusty stuffiness to the air without seeming to mitigate the coldness of the empty house.” Old Emma the housemaid’s vice is a secret oil stove, poor Willie sucks sweets, endlessly, in his tomblike bedroom.

—Elizabeth Bowen



JOHN OSBORNE whose play “Look Back In Anger” is being revived at the Royal Court Theatre. It is rumoured that Sir Laurence Olivier is considering the lead in Mr. Osborne’s new play, as yet untitled, about a variety artist

THE LATEST VOLUME in the travel books edited by Dore Ogrizek is “Japan” (McGraw-Hill, 30s.). The book is divided into chapters on history, legends, art and regions. The illustration (on left) depicts Shoki, the demon-conqueror

Fashions by Isobel Vicomtesse d'Orthez

HERE are three coats designed in England to meet the temperamental spring weather of this country. Below: This slim coat by Rodex has a wide cape collar and three-quarter-length cape sleeves flaring out from narrow shoulders. In a soft spring mixture of yellow gorselan Scottish tweed, it costs approximately 21 gns. and can be obtained from the better stores in London. Also by Rodex is the pale blue three-quarter-length coat in wool and camelhair

THREE COATS THAT CUT A DASH

(below, left). Cut in mandarin style, it fastens high with a narrow collarband and is cleverly seamed to swing out wide and full, approximately 22 gns. Dorville's chunky top coat (right) in heavy white tweed is set off with a black scarf and outsize black buttons. Approximately 28 gns., it is stocked by Chanelle, Knightsbridge

Michel Molinare







WITH



Michel Molinare

THE bush-jacket style suit by Christian Dior (above opposite) in pale blue silk and wool mixture has a tapered skirt and a jacket cut straight to below the hips and clinched at the waist with a wide buckled belt. The saucer-shaped hat has a circular veil. The suit by Castillo at Lanvin (opposite below), in pale beige fine wool, has a short fitted jacket curving to just below the waist, worn with a spotted chiffon blouse. The hat is of navy raffia. Jean Desses' loose collarless coat in oatmeal tweed (centre) has the popular dropped shoulder line. The pull-on hat is in matching felt. The sheath dress in black and white tweed (above), also by Desses, has a wide belt circling from sides to back and a fly-away panel crossing one shoulder. The hat is in white straw

THE UNMISTAKABLE PARIS ACCENT



IN Italy spring fashions are unusual; colourful and imaginative in design, and rich in attractive ideas. Capucci's fitted suit (left) is in beige and white tweed and has an outsize cape collar, fringed and cunningly cut; the shiny buttons provide a bright note. The coat by Antonelli (below left) is in butter-coloured wool. The banded collar, diagonal seaming and graded front panel give it an unusual cross-over design. It fastens with two high-placed buttons

Dressing for a Roman

A DELICIOUS dress for summer cocktails or dancing is that below (right). It is ideal for a young girl, and is made by Giuliano in lemon coloured crepe, cleverly pleated. The front of the dress is a version of the new apron style. On the opposite page is a two-piece dress by Enzo. It is made in white linen, cool and fresh looking on the hottest summer day. The very attractive bodice dips to points below the bust and below the waist, echoed by the vee of the neck



oliday

EXCURSION





AN ELEGANT dress and jacket by Rembrandt made in a Swiss fabric exclusive to them. Worn together, the soft beige outfit is perfect for the town or for formal occasions; worn without the jacket, the slender belted sheath is sufficiently décolleté for cocktails and dancing. Price approximately 14½ gns., it comes in other colours and can be obtained for the 5 ft. 3 in. and under size-range. Hunts of Bond Street and Kendal Milne, Manchester. Helmet hat in shades of lilac ribbon and wide hat in chiffon, from Elizabeth Ullman, 81 Grosvenor Street

CHOICE FOR THE WEEK

WARM DAYS AHEAD





This fringed Paisley shawl, 35 in. by 35 in., with a 7½ in. fringe, in black and white grounds, is £5 10s., from Thirkell Ltd.

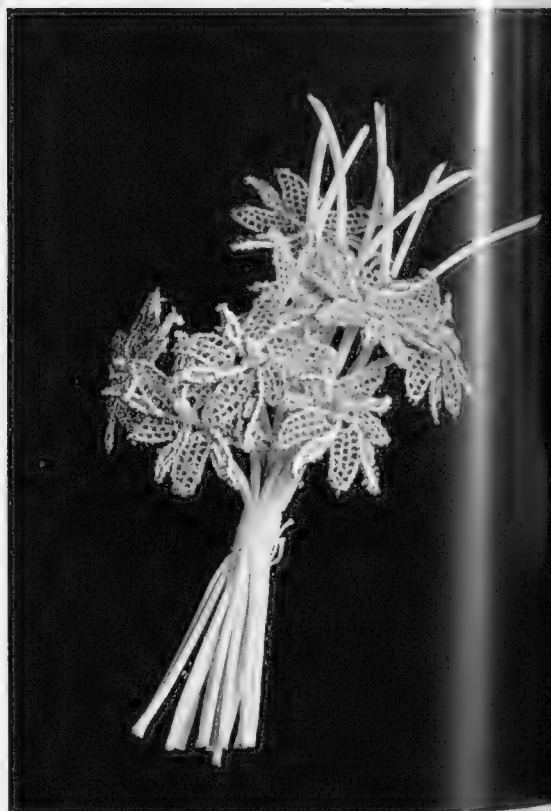


A lovely stole, made from pure English lace. It is available in many colours and costs £1 17s. 6d., from Marshall and Snelgrove

Light fancies tempt spring

FRIPPERIES and fancies make us all loosen our purse-strings. These accessories, smart, graceful and colourful, are no exception, and whether they are the latest designs for spring or for adorning afternoon and evening ensembles, we are all tempted by them

—JEAN CLELAND



Here is a useful and inexpensive accoutrement: a delicate gilt lace flower spray for 15s. 9d. It is from Harrods, Knightsbridge



Diamante sandals for evening wear. Price £26 5s. From Hutchings, New Bond St. Bag is in black grosgrain, at £2 2s. Debenham and Freebody



An unusual half-circular stole in net embroidered with beads. This comes from Austria. It is priced at £7 7s. and is from Harrods



Luxon leather handbag with bamboo handle, £6 16s. 6d. French kid gloves and pure silk scarf, handpainted designs, £5 19s. 6d. the set. All at Debenham's



Small box bag with diamante trimmings, £17 17s. French kid gloves, £4 9s. 6d.; paste necklace, £5 15s. 6d. Earclips to match, £3 13s. 6d. Debenham's

Beauty

Highlights on headline news



RAYMOND'S Edwardian style has a short ruffled front and curls of false hair arranged in soft scrolls



RICHE of Hay Hill calls this the "Regency Drape," a combination of sophistication and simple practicability



MARTIN DOUGLAS created this smooth uncurled hair-style called "Debrette," the look he predicts



ALEXIS OF ANTOINE shows the smooth, bolstered line of the "bom-bage" type of style-cut coiffure

MOST exciting beauty news for 1957 is of colour, which is well and truly going to our heads.

Leading hair stylists may differ in their opinions as to trends in styles and lengths, but when it comes to colour, they are of one mind—it is in to stay. Just as make-up has come to be regarded as inseparable from a facial treatment, so tints, rinses, and other forms of colouring—either temporary or permanent—are becoming more and more part of the hair-do, and as important as the cut, the shampoo and the set.

In order to have the latest line on this all-important question of hair, I asked several of London's top stylists to give me their views, not only on the subject of colour, but on anything else of interest in the same field. I also asked for pictures, four of which you see this week.

Raymond's newest idea is his "two-tone" colour theme, in which the top of the hair is a different colour from the rest. This, he says, will definitely dominate the spring hair fashions. During his visit to the U.S.A. some months ago, he predicted the "two-tone" hair fashion, and now learns from British press reports that Hollywood cosmeticians are following suit. In his view, spring hair styles will favour an Edwardian look, with the hair brushed well up from the nape of the neck, sometimes with an added "chi-chi" chignon of soft curls placed high on the crown.

MARTIN DOUGLAS's chief news is of colour, the growing popularity of which has led to the opening of his new Empire Room. "Colour," he says, "is no longer an accessory to the hair style, but the basis of it." Spring styles will be created to show the wide and exciting range available to the expert tinter.

Treatments of 1956 will be replaced with simpler and more youthful styling, and with the return of shorter styles, the added chignon—often in contrasting colour—will increase in popularity. The same applies to all forms of decoration for both day and evening wear.

Riche foresees a tendency towards full yet sleek lines. He feels that the cutting is *all-important*, special tapering being required to enable the hair style to be dressed to more tailored lines. He predicts that women, in 1957, will become more colour conscious. By virtue of satisfactory experiments on a new cosmetic, they will be able to tint the hair temporarily, with a galaxy of shades. For the white-haired women, who have always indulged in rinses, "Ultramarine" is out of fashion in favour of silver and grey.

ALEXIS OF ANTOINE suggests that the springtime will see a further trend towards coiffures of a smoother bolstered line, which, in the Antoine Salon, is achieved by the use of a new electrical warm-air comb in dressing out the finished coiffure. This Continental device directs a gentle "blow" of warm air through the hair, as it is being positioned with the comb, stimulating the setting, and giving body and symmetry to the finished line. In general, Alexis sees a continued popularity of the shapely, short-cut head, with an even greater accentuation of the natural hair shade, brought about by new permanent or semi-permanent colouring methods.

—Jean Cleland



Yevonde

Miss Margaret Alison Nias, daughter of Major and Mrs. F. H. Nias, of Lennox Gardens, S.W.1, has announced her engagement to Lt.-Cdr. Alfred Richard Courtney Rowe, R.N., son of the late Mr. H. Ridges Rowe and Mrs. Rowe, of Woodmancote, Lymington, Hampshire

THEY ARE ENGAGED



Lenare

Miss Jennefer Jane Robarts, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Robarts, of New House Farm, Sawbridgeworth, Herts, has announced her engagement to Mr. Alastair Patrick Lindsay Alexander, elder son of Col. the Hon. and Mrs. W. S. P. Alexander, of Canfield Moat, Dunmow



Harlip

Miss Jacqueline Ryder, youngest daughter of Mr. D. C. D. Ryder, of Rempstone, Corfe Castle, and Lady Ronald Graham, of Jamaica, is to marry Mr. Thomas Ralph Winsor, only son of Mr. J. K. Winsor, of Weston, Petersfield, and Mrs. Joan Sanderson, of Fernhurst



Harlip

Miss Cynthia Mary Hume, younger daughter of Capt. and Mrs. Trevor Hume, of White Lodge, Little Laver, Chipping Ongar, is engaged to Capt. George Leslie Cooper, M.C., R.E., son of Lieutenant-Colonel and Mrs. G. C. Cooper, of Bulmer Tye House, Sudbury, Suffolk



Bassano

Miss Fiona Lomax, eldest daughter of Major and the Hon. Mrs. Cecil Lomax, of Codicote Mill, Hitchin, Herts, has announced her engagement to Mr. Simon Bradley, only son of the late Mr. B. R. Bradley, and of Mrs. Bradley, of Little Shields, Cassington, Oxfordshire



Bassano

Miss Marjorie Alice Cooke, younger daughter of Lt.-Col. C. R. Cooke, O.B.E., and Mrs. Cooke, of The Manor House, Stanstead St. Margarets, Herts, is to marry Mr. Kenneth Richard Pointon, son of the late Mr. H. Vincent Pointon and of Mrs. Pointon, of Sandgate, Esher



Vandyk

Miss Ann Leonore Halse, the eldest daughter of Mr. F. C. Halse, J.P., and Mrs. Halse, of Wyncroft, Bickley, Kent, is to marry Mr. John Vere Brook Mockett, who is the only son of Sir Vere Mockett, M.B.E., and Lady Mockett, formerly of Abingdon and Newbury, Berkshire



Law—Methuen-Campbell. The Hon. Cecil Law, son of the late Lord Ellenborough and of Dorothy Lady Ellenborough, of Ashley Gardens, S.W.1, married Miss D. M. Jean Methuen-Campbell, daughter of the Hon. Laurence Methuen-Campbell, of Greenham Barton, Somerset, and the late Hon. Mrs. Methuen-Campbell, at St. Michael's, Chester Square



Brooke-Popham—Fry. Mr. Francis P. Brooke-Popham, R.N., son of the late Air Chief Marshal Sir Robert Brooke-Popham, and Lady Brooke-Popham, of Brackley, Northants, married Miss Susan Fry, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. Fry, of Yelverton, Devon, at the R.N. Chapel, Greenwich



Crockatt—Adye. Mr. William Alan K. Crockatt, son of Mr. K. A. Crockatt, J.P., and the late Mrs. Crockatt, of Aldham Hall, Hadleigh, Suffolk, married Miss Anne Deirdre Adye, daughter of Col. J. F. Adye, United Service Club, and Mrs. D. Adye, at St. Mary-Le-Tower Church, Ipswich

Erskine—Power. The Hon. Malcolm Erskine, son of Lt.-Col. Lord Erskine and Lady Erskine, of The Manor, Bourton-on-the-Water, Glos., married Miss Hilary Power, daughter of Mrs. Power, of Montpelier Sq., S.W.7, and the late Sir Ivan Power, at St. Margaret's, Westminster

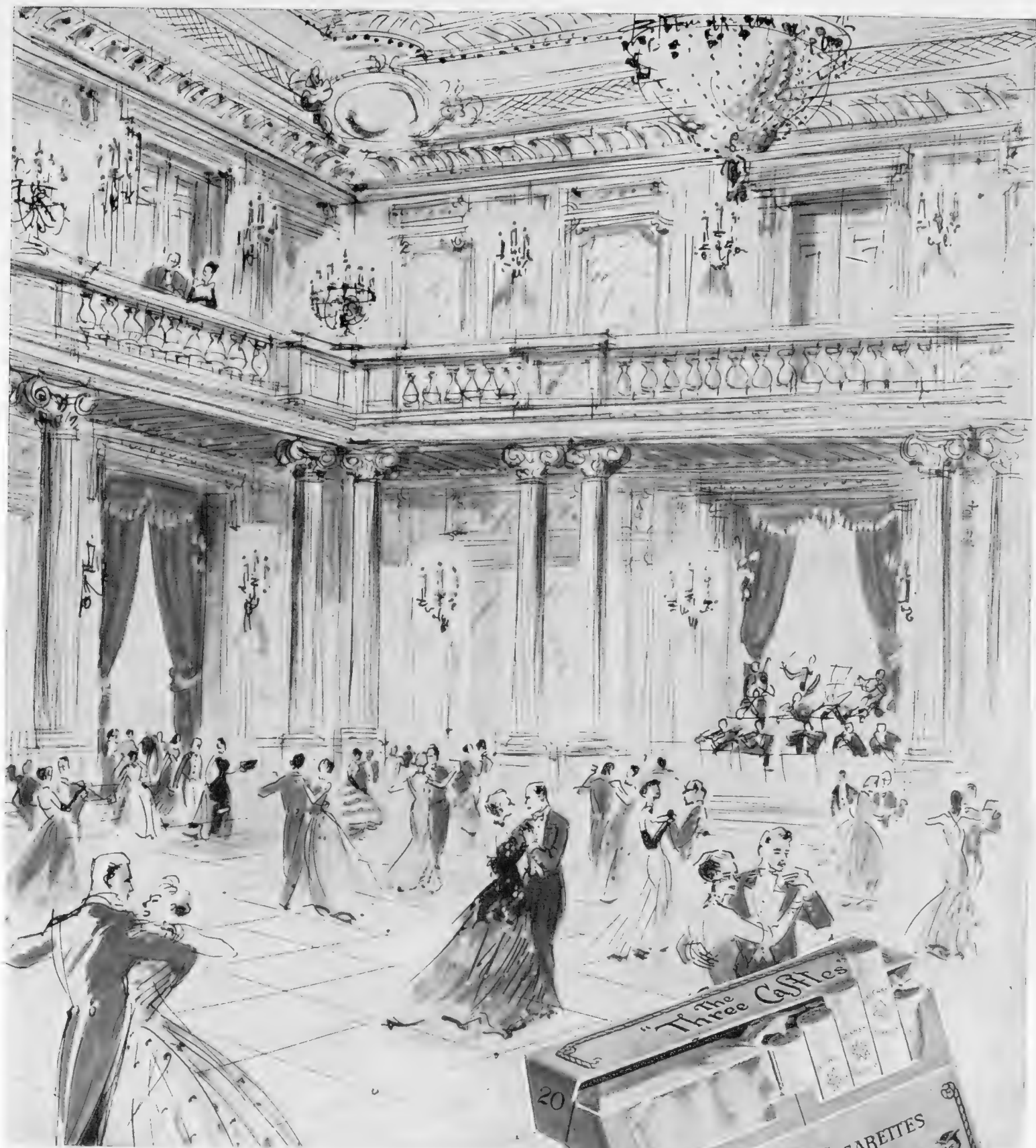
RECENTLY MARRIED



Tempest—Longton. Mr. Henry R. Tempest, son of the late Brig.-Gen. R. S. Tempest, C.M.G., and of Mrs. V. A. Tempest, of Egerton Place, S.W.3, married at Salisbury, S. Rhodesia, Miss Janet Longton, daughter of Mr. H. F. Longton, and of Mrs. Hodgson, of Salisbury, S.R.



Gilmour—Du Mée. Mr. Andrew Gilmour, son of the late Major John Gilmour and of Mrs. Gilmour, of Waveney Cottage, Great Bealings, Woodbridge, Suffolk, married in Mauritius to Miss Anne Du Mée, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. P. du Chasteigner Du Mée, of Vacoas, Mauritius



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For extra colour intensity, follow your shampoo with one of the wonderful new COLOR-TINT RINSES. With a COLOR-TINT RINSE you can achieve any glamorous colour effect you want—and wash it out at will! Seven adorable shades—Blonde Venus (golden blonde), Copper Leaf (auburn), Tawny Brown (chestnut), Dark Brown, Black Satin, Blue Vixen, Corn Silk (platinum)—2 rinses 3/-.

Helena Rubinstein

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PEARL BAILEY, who made her name on Broadway with her enormous success in *House Of Flowers*, is appearing in cabaret at the Cafe de Paris. Her films have included the exciting *Carmen Jones*



The Gramophone

A SINGER FROM TEXAS

THE latest singer from the other side of the Atlantic to hit these shores is the Houston-born Texan, Mitchell Torok. He graduated from college with a degree in Commercial Art, a Bachelor of Science degree, and a capacity for journalism, football and songwriting to his credit.

His first successful song "Mexico Joe" sold over 800,000 records in 1952, and his recent hit "When Mexico Gave Up The Rumba" (written, incidentally, by his wife), reached the top ten in record sales both in this country and the U.S.A.

Mitchell Torok has a pleasing, easy, lazy personality which was attractive enough to make up for any deficiencies that were apparent when he appeared recently for the first time in Great Britain at the Prince of Wales Theatre in London.

Such deficiencies are not noticeable on his records and I believe many will enjoy the Torok technique as applied to "Drink Up And Go Home" and "Take This Heart." His personality and pleasing voice cut well through the grooves, and he has expert backing by way of accompaniment. (Brunswick 05642.)

LESLIE JEFFRIES and the Palm Court Orchestra recently had a recording session at the Grand Hotel, Eastbourne, and the names of Van Leer, Albert Sandler and Tom Jenkins are immediately called to mind by the resulting Long Play. In the early days of broadcasting, when much of the success of relays outside the studio depended upon the acoustics of the places from which transmission was being made, the exceptional quality of the sound broadcast from the Grand Hotel, Eastbourne, was a gift to "Balance and Control" and to engineers alike.

Many have tried to recapture that very special sound emanating from the Grand Hotel, but no one has ever achieved it with success. That is why this Leslie Jeffries L.P. has a particular significance, introducing, as it does, to the home a permanent record of that exclusive Grand Hotel sound! (Oriole MG20010.)

A BRITISH musical, *Grab Me A Gondola*, after a good deal of teetering around, landed up in Shaftesbury Avenue at the Lyric Theatre some few weeks ago, and now this piece of non-originality is immortalized upon the gramophone record with—but, of course—members of the original cast! On a very undistinguished piece of work the only personality to register is Joan Heal, and she, goodness knows, makes much more of the material given to her than it deserves. So for those mad for a sound souvenir of this little venture, here it is. (H.M.V. CLP.1103.)

From March 20 the Richard Adler-Jerry Ross musical *Damn Yankees* will be at the London Coliseum, and let me state at once that here is a score with shape, a book with point and wit, and lyrics that are always adult and smart. The London production is led by the fabulous Belita. Meanwhile, here's a preview of a show that is entirely worthwhile. (H.M.V. CLP.1108.)

—Robert Tredinnick

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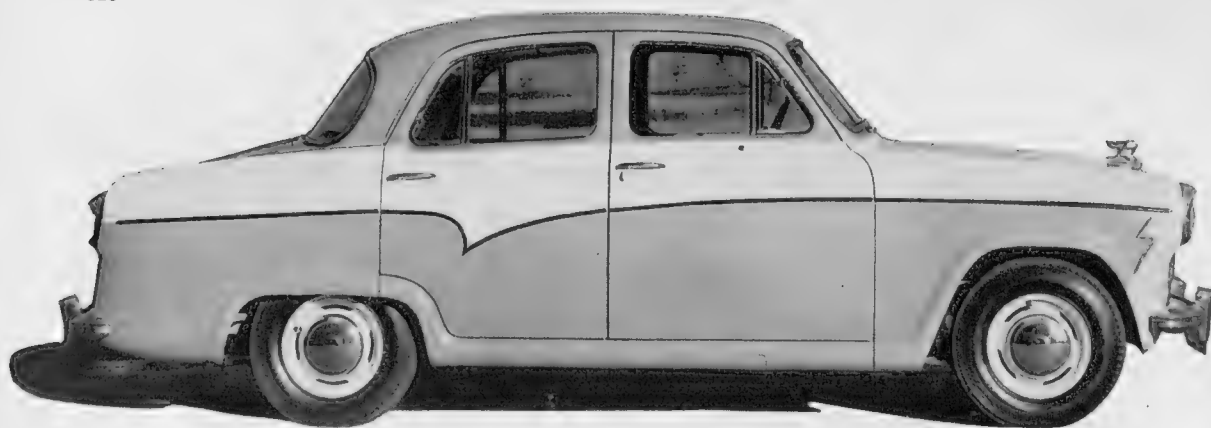
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THE AUSTIN A55 now succeeds the A50. Its many improvements include re-styled coachwork, and among new features are a larger boot, a bigger curved rear window and the now popular dished steering wheel. The 1½-litre engine produces more power, although still economical with fuel

Motoring

Oliver Stewart

THREE COOKS STIR THE PARKING CAULDRON



RESPONSIBILITY for the defeatist attitude towards car parking in the big cities, especially in London, must be shared between the Minister of Transport, the police and the local authorities. The Minister's attitude is that all private motoring is "pleasure" motoring and that all pleasure motoring is disreputable and to be discouraged by taxation and regulation; the police attitude is that a number of prosecutions for parking offences must be instituted every year and that the objects of these prosecutions may be determined by chance and convenience; the local authorities think that new buildings may be run up on the sites of old ones to accommodate ten times the number of people without any provision for the parking of an appropriate number of cars.

MY view from the beginning—and it applied equally to the time before petrol rationing and to the present—is that there is no "parking" problem. A motorist who has paid his taxes is as much entitled to enjoy the facilities provided by the highway when his car is stationary as when it is in motion. There can be no distinction between the transport duties being performed by a parked car or a moving car. Where action can legitimately be taken against a motorist is when his car obstructs the traffic flow.

The police allow Covent Garden to be choked for long periods, but in St. Martin's Lane they hasten to take action against anyone who leaves a car standing, even though it may cause no obstruction. I fear that the Covent Garden area is a region of privilege, where nondescript hangers-on see to it that the private car owner is kept out by a one-sided application of the law. It must be remembered that, in law, there is no better reason for allowing lorries to stand there than private cars.

NOW I turn to a hopeful sign. It concerns the plans for developing Selfridges. Work has begun on these plans, which embody the most advanced design yet seen for the handling of goods vehicles and for garaging cars. The garage is to be a seven-story building north of the main store, and it will accommodate one thousand cars. The garage will be of the ramp variety and will be approached by a private road. Goods vehicles will load and unload in the basement which they will approach through a tunnel of one-in-eight ramp.

Here is surely the pattern of what new building should be in our cities. Vast new structures ought not to be set up unless they incorporate adequate means of handling, off the highway, the great amount of additional traffic they must bring. Selfridges deserve the thanks of all motorists: and my opinion is that the facilities which they will offer when their new buildings come

into operation will be a powerful attraction to the great and growing numbers of people who like to do their shopping by car. And what an important lesson Selfridges teach all who are supposed to plan and regulate building plans in the cities!

WHEN I went to have a look at the new Austin A55 I had just come from making an examination of an old and famous sports car, the proud possession of a friend. There was one dominant impression when one looked under its bonnet. The old car is full of engine and all the accessories and odds and ends are tucked away so that one hardly notices them. But the new car is all accessories and equipment and almost no engine! The A55 has its little 1½-litre engine set low under the bonnet, a modest, self-effacing unit, overwhelmed by huge accumulators, air-conditioning blowers, screen-washing reservoirs, air cleaners and junction boxes. Yet that little engine gives over 50 brake horse power.

The price of the Austin A55 is £772 and a few shillings, inclusive of tax. For about £50 more (again including tax) the two-pedal control known as the Manumatic can be fitted. This form of control is based upon the automatic regulation of engine speed during gear changing and the special advantage of it is that it reduces clutch wear.

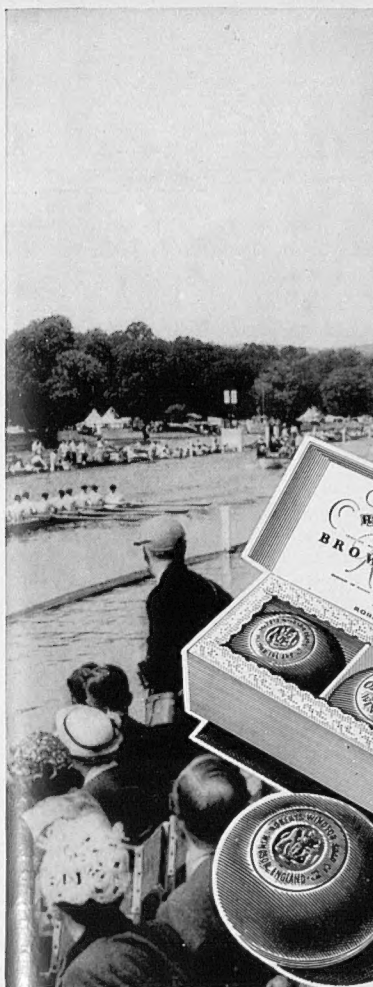


SEVEN-STORY GARAGE. Work has now begun on a seven-story garage building for Selfridges, behind the Oxford Street store. This drawing shows also the tunnel and basement for goods vehicles

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BIRTHDAY PRESENTS. Eight beautiful glasses were presented to André Simon on his eightieth birthday at a Wine and Food Society Dinner in the Empire Suite of the Trocadero. All date from the second half of the eighteenth century, and include cordial glasses of different designs, a firing glass and a dram or spirit glass

DINING OUT

Ambassador André

IN a caption to a drawing of André Simon, which we published some time ago, we wrote: "His reputation as the greatest of living epicures is sustained by an immense store of knowledge, supported by a benevolent wit and infinite personal charm. It is typical of him that his lifelong work for French charities in England, though rarely publicised, is among his most important activities. M. Simon, who will be eighty next year, is his country's best-loved unofficial ambassador."

Well, it is next year and André is eighty so raise your glasses to a gay, charming, sparkling, youthful octogenarian, with an unquenchable twinkle in his eye and a kind word for all and sundry.

If ever the wine merchants want a fine advertisement for their wares, all they need is a photograph of André, who has drunk wine every day of his life since he was about ten years old.

Talking of wine merchants brings me to an excellent book, *Merchants Of Wine*, by Alec Waugh (Cassell & Co., 18s.) which is a centenary account of the fortunes of the House of Gilbey and tells the fascinating story of how Walter and Alfred Gilbey started the firm in 1857 with no capital and no assets except their own energy, enterprise and capacity for work. These qualities stood them in such good stead that from the beginning, which started with a half-inch advertisement in the *Morning Advertiser* offering Cape port and sherry at 20s. a dozen, the Company now has assets amounting to over £10,000,000.

Apart from the Gilbey story, this book gives a very interesting account of the change in the drinking habits of the British over the last hundred years and some interesting reasons and conclusions as to their cause.

STILL on the subject of wine merchants, Empire wine growers and merchants have often come in for a lot of criticism for giving their wines French titles such as Burgundy, hock, Sauternes, Graves, claret and Chablis. Nevertheless one could appreciate the difficulty of how to convey the type of wine in the bottle if they had done otherwise.

However, B. Seppelt Ltd., vineyard proprietors and wine makers of South Australia, have taken the kangaroo by the tail and have ceased to use any Continental type names at all; a bold venture, and they gave a party at Williamson's Tavern to celebrate the fact.

As they say: "Now it is only wishful thinking on the part of wine makers in other parts of the world, that the wines of Bordeaux, Champagne, the Rhine, Jerez or the Douro can be duplicated in their own countries, because by virtue of the soil, climatic and geographic conditions these wines are native to the districts in which they are grown and can never be matched in their entirety away from these districts."

"THESE wines are what they are, and are accepted as the world standard for these types, only because they originated in the districts where they continue to be grown to this day.

"It is surely reasonable to expect that any wines produced in good wine growing areas in any part of the world will take on characteristics of their own, and should be judged, not on their similarity to wines of traditionally famous localities, but on their own merits when compared with wines of their own types and grown under the same conditions."

So now we have straightforward labels which give all the information you need, such as "Rhymney—Australian Dry White Wine," Rhymney being the name of a hamlet in the middle of vineyards in Victoria, or "Chalambar—Australian Dry Red Wine," Chalambar being a hill near the town of Arrarat, and so on, which seems sensible to me.

It is surely, also, an excellent idea from the point of view of making us familiar, in the pleasantest way, with Australian localities: an aspect of antipodean geography, which, apart from the big cities, is represented to most of us by the somewhat forbidding Woomera.

—I. Bickerstaff

DINING IN

Fish for Lent

A FRIEND of mine dismisses all fish this way: "You know very well," she says, "that the only way to eat fish is 'fried.'" I do not agree. Of course, she means our good old "fried fish and chips"—not fish *meunière* or anything like that.

Fried fish and chips are grand, but fried fish, even when perfectly cooked, palls after a while. Small wonder that the fish authorities have to spend millions on trying to persuade us to eat more of what must be the best fish in the world, when so many people have a one-track mind about the way of cooking it.

I must say that I never much cared for stuffed and baked fish, mainly, I think, because the breadcrumbs in the filling would seem to absorb the fishy flavour, and the dish retains an uncooked taste. But if the crumbs are fried in butter in the first place, this unpleasantness is overcome. Nor do I very much like the taste of onions which have not first been simmered in butter before going into the filling. In the time required for the fish itself, the onions remain undercooked. However, now that I cook the breadcrumbs and the onions before adding them to the other ingredients, I find stuffed baked fish a dish to enjoy. I mention this because I feel that many folk must feel the same as I do on the subject.

HERE, with no particular name, is baked fish. The recipe was given to me by a friend who lives in the north-east of France, close to the Belgian border. You want a firm-fleshed fish. I suggest hake, and it is better to have it skinned beforehand. Conger eel or rock "salmon" can be cooked in the same way.

Place a thick piece of, say, two pounds in a buttered oven dish and spread it generously with French mustard. Turn it over and spread the top and sides with further mustard, so that the fish is entirely encased. Sprinkle with pepper and salt and dot with an ounce of butter. Bake for 30 to 40 minutes in a quiet oven (325 to 350 degs. F. or gas mark 2 to 3), basting twice in that time. If the juices dry out a little, add water, rub it into the residue and use it to baste the fish.

Curiously enough, when the fish is cooked, the mustard cannot be detected. All you know is that it is a very pleasant dish.

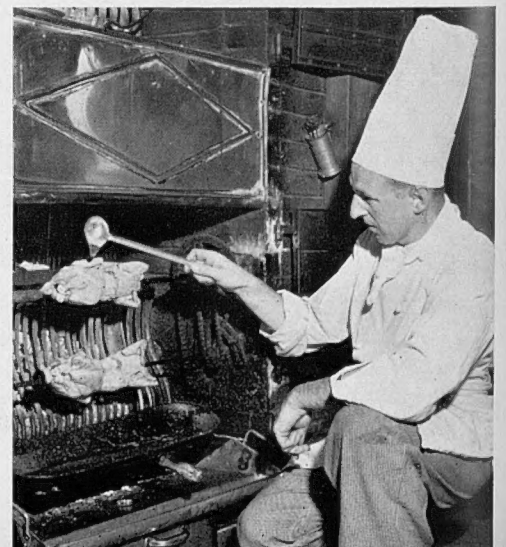
Smoked haddock is peculiar to these islands. You know what I mean—not peculiar in the sense of "strange." Delicious it is when it has not been brined too long before being smoked. Simmered in milk, served with poached eggs on top and garnished with crisp grilled rashers of bacon, it makes a wonderful Sunday evening dish. But do try Haddock Monte Carlo. It is superb! Here is my friend Mme. Prunier's recipe given to me several years ago. (It now appears in the new edition of her cookery book.)

FOR four servings, poach a good-sized smoked haddock in milk and water for five to six minutes. Remove the skin and bones. Place the fish in a buttered entrée dish, cover with buttered paper and keep warm. (The paper will prevent it drying out.)

Melt an ounce of butter in a small pan. Add half the weight in flour and cook to the foaming stage. Meanwhile, reduce the haddock stock with an onion and a clove of garlic in it, strain it into the *roux* and simmer, while stirring, to the desired consistency. At the same time stew three to four chopped skinned and deseeded tomatoes and a chopped shallot in butter to a fairly thick mixture.

Stir into the sauce two to three tablespoons of cream, beaten with an egg yolk. Remove the paper and pour the mixture over the fish. On top, arrange four little heaps of the tomato purée and place a poached egg on each. Re-heat in the oven, if necessary.

—Helen Burke



WILL FIECHTER is the proprietor and *maitre* *rôtisseur* of the auberge "A l'Or du Rhône," in Geneva, where the gourmet enjoys delicacies like *Croûte aux Champignons Frais à la Crème* and *Chateaubriant grillé sur sarments de vigne*

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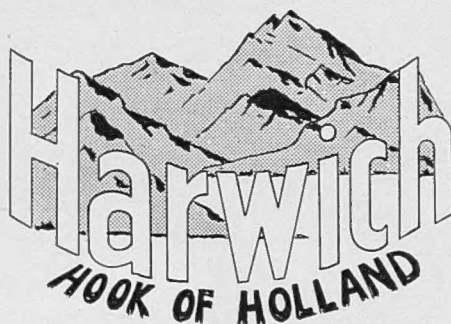
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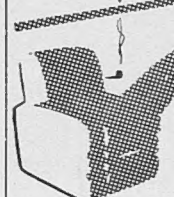
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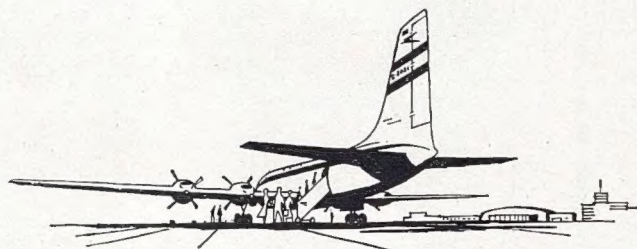
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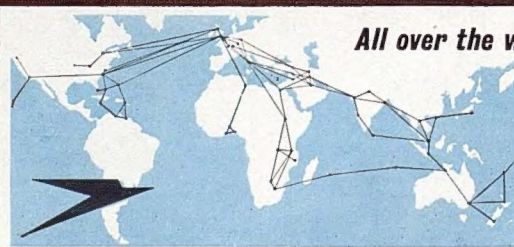
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